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THE THREE SENSATIONS OF PAINESVILLE

By Jeanette H. Walworth

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

IT WAS one of those days in which one could be comfortably desolate.

Rain dripped persistently from the branches of the conical firs, and from the glossy leaves of the Virginia creeper that wrapped the square tower of the gray memorial church across the way. The crimson trumpet flowers hung their water-soaked heads dejectedly. Under a spreading horse-chestnut, which stood in the village green, a group of discouraged cows were crowded close for shelter. In this water-logged picture of still life the human element was represented by an occasional person hurrying along the deserted street under a dripping umbrella.

The widow Winslow looked across the dreary prospect with unobservant eyes, for in the gray morning she had said good-by to her son, her only child—said it unwillingly for an indefinite reach of time; and, as she bitterly asserted, for an inadequate cause.

So she was quite in touch with the dreary quietude of the day. She sat, with folded hands and relaxed nerves, before an old desk between the front windows, reflecting with satisfaction that no one was at all likely to intrude upon her with their sympathy or their idle curiosity.

Patriotism was not at fever heat in Painesville. True, the stars and stripes floated in the breezes that turned the old tin weather-cock on top of the court house, but the town was so snugly tucked away in the Virginia mountains that it bordered on sensationalism to have one of its "best-to-do boys" leave a comfortable home, where he "needn't do a hand's turn" from dawn to dark if he didn't want to, and declare resolutely for the certain carnage and the uncertain glory of the battle-field.

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Bert Winslow's volunteering had stirred up the whole community. It was grateful for the sensation which it gave them to discuss, but the full weight of local sympathy was with the woman who stayed behind. And very big and lonely the old house did seem on that rainy morning. She wandered all over it, giving unreasonable and contradictory orders to all the servants, and ending by shutting herself up in her own room before the old desk that had been one of her girlhood's treasured possessions.

That woman who has never tried the efficacy of overhauling an old desk on a rainy day has missed a sovereign antidote for the despair of heart sickness.

Before Mrs. Winslow had half finished the overhauling of hers, the years had slipped away from her—the rainy landscape was effaced. Bert himself was for the time being pushed afar off into a dim perspective.

She had pulled the small receptacle clean out of its socket and spread its contents on the open desk, with the slow deliberation befitting a religious ceremony. There were some old letters from school-girl friends; but one package caught her eye. With reverent fingers she unfolded a small flag wrapped about some smaller articles. It was not the "stars and stripes." It was the "stars and bars"—the flag dear to those who cast in their lots with the lost cause. Inside the flag was a faded tintype, which, turn and twist it as she would, gave her back nothing but a blurred glimpse of brass buttons, a vizored cap, and a pair of penetrating eyes; also a black bone ring, with "Johnson's Island" rudely scratched upon it.

She recalled her bitter grief when that poor little ring had reached her by devious ways—sent by the man who loved her to let her know that he had been taken a prisoner.

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After that! After that——

She bowed her head in shame over the poor little mementoes. What a thoughtless, heartless creature she had been in those faraway days. Scarce off with the old love before she was on with the new. In a burst of belated remorse, she heaped the blame upon the mother who had almost forced her into the arms of a wealthier suitor. She had been a passionate, willful girl, and when they had told her that Sam Dawson had been exchanged, and could have come to her if he had so willed it, she had given jealous credence to the story and fallen into the trap set for her.

She had never seen Sam since. She had heard of his settling somewhere after the war had ended—Philadelphia, she believed—to practice law. Was he alive or was he dead? She did not know.

Mrs. Winslow rearranged the parcel as it had lain for more than a quarter of a century and locked it away again in the old desk. Then her thoughts came back to the present, and to her boy, gone to fight under the flag Sam Dawson had fought against. How old it all made her feel—a lover under one flag, a son under another, and she doomed to live, to love, and to suffer under two flags!

For a while she lived on newspapers, and every time a shrill young voice was lifted in the village streets with its piercing cry of "Extra! extry! extree!" Mrs. Winslow's windows went up and her purse went out in hungry greed for news of Bert. But they rarely contained what she was so anxiously seeking.

Presently letters began to come. Brief and condensed they were, as a soldier's letters should be: The first, post-marked Fort Alger, brought comfort to her, for it read:

"*Dear Mother:* I'm all right, straight along. Don't worry about me. It's a regular picnic. They promise we shall get off for Tampa to-morrow. Our regiment's got a perfect brick of a Colonel. His name is Dawson. Somehow letters don't seem to pan out well in camp. All you want to know is that I am well—and love you."

A second followed quickly from Tampa:

"*Dear Mother:* In accordance with your request I have informed myself as to the Colonel's full name. It is Samuel V. Dawson. It seems he didn't get enough fighting in the Civil War, but has been out West fighting Indians under some of the regular Army officers since. He's every inch a soldier. Can't tell you what section of the country he is from originally. Haven't had the honor of a word with him yet. I am nothing but one of the pegs in the natural cribbage-board to him. Whether I shall ever be moved a hole or two higher up remains to be seen."

Number three still bore the Tampa postmark, and she read it eagerly:

"*Dear Mother:* Something a little out of the ordinary happened to-day. 'Old Daw'—that's what the fellows all call the Colonel—sent for me by an Orderly immediately after drill. I went with my knees shaking under

THE YEARS HAD SLIPPED AWAY FROM HER

"'WHERE IS HE?' SHE SOBBED

me, not knowing what infraction of camp regulations I might have been guilty of, and what do you suppose he wanted? To make me a sort of private secretary. Do you want to know why? I shall answer—the fitting reward of early virtue. You know how I hated my copy-books—but, alas! how I wrestled with them. My fist is tolerably nice, don't you think?

"By-the-way, did you ever happen to know anybody of the Colonel's name in the old anti-bellum days, when everybody says you were the greatest beauty and the greatest flirt in Painesville? Old Daw found a good many questions to ask me about my home and my parentage, but as I couldn't ask any return questions, gave a good deal more information than I got."

Then came the last letter:

"*Dear Mother:* In your last you express some natural curiosity as to the appearance of the man who has taken your little boy under his wing. 'Old Daw' is a ridiculous nickname, for he is not more than 'forty-eight, and is as straight as an arrow.' Has a pair of gray eyes that bore straight through you, and brown hair and beard soft and silky as a woman's. Handsomest man I ever saw, and the sort of gentleman that takes even his bootblack into the range of his courtesy. It's an education to live in close bonds with such a man. Congratulate me."

After that there was nothing but a miserable little cold-hearted telegram:

"Off for Santiago in an hour's time. Love. Don't worry."

Then came a forlorn stretch of uncertain days and certain wretchedness. If only she lived where women were doing something for the men in the Army, life would be more endurable. Instead, Mrs. Crane and Mamie Butt were haggling over the price of eggs and chickens which the hucksters would run up to war price; and Mrs. Butts was placidly "putting up" her usual tons of plum preserves and blackberry jam; and Martha Hillary was fretting because she couldn't make her Eton jacket fit; in fact, the village was heartlessly pursuing its narrow ways, while her heart was aching for news from the front. She had to fall back upon the newspapers again. There were two names—only two among the tens of thousands that stood for somebody's heart-aches—that meant anything at all to her.

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One day a battle was fought. The bulletin boards enlightened all Painesville to that extent, and extras were as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Virginia Winslow held her breath in a long agony of suspense. Two names started out from the printed column that morning and confronted her with a distinctness that seemed to blind her. It was under the heading "Wounded" that she found them. The two names were—Col. Samuel V. Dawson—Albert S. Winslow.

"Both, dear Lord, not both," she moaned.

It was days later before, in another column of the same paper, she discovered a letter from a private in Colonel Dawson's regiment to a friend in the city:

"We fellows are all fuming over what seems like a bit of quixotism on the part of 'Old Daw.' It seems he got the ugly cut, which has made his good right arm useless for some time to come, by knocking a machete out of a Spaniard's clumsy hand just as Winslow, Old Daw's secretary, had closed with the ruffian. The machete is effective in a Cuban's hand. The Spaniards use it like a bludgeon."

At last there was something for Virginia Winslow to do. She must find them. And the village was treated to another full-fledged sensation.

Mrs. Crane had known "ever since Virginia Winslow had been crazy enough to let that boy of hers go to Cuba, that she would be gallivanting after him sooner or later." And all Painesville looked at the closed doors and shutters of the big Winslow mansion with an interest that was really dramatic in its intensity.

Where to go? How to find them? Life resolved itself into the imperative duty of answering these two questions. The newspapers, which she read more voraciously than usual, told her that the wounded were being brought to Key West, and there she carried her wounded heart and resolute soul.

The word "mother" gained her ready access to Bert's ward, and there, on her knees beside his cot, she thanked God for the gracious gift of her boy, maimed but living, and listened to the story of how he had been saved from sudden death by the loss of a brave man's arm.

"Where is he?" she sobbed, burying her head in Bert's pillow.

"Somewhere—I don't exactly know where. But I guess, mother, you'll have to take my useless hulk home with you; but before you do, you must find 'Old Daw' and thank him."

She found him. He was swinging idly in his hammock, his sad eyes turned seaward, his useless right arm strapped close to his side. He heard the swish of skirts on the grass, and struggled into a sitting posture.

"One of those officious petticoat nurses come to coddle me," he thought. He frowned ominously at the advancing skirts and then paled under the bronze of his weather-beaten cheeks.

Woman was not an unknown factor in camp-life in those days of feminine aggression, but this was no trained nurse advancing toward him with graceful directness of step and earnest purpose of eye.

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It was the woman he had loved all his life. She was a little older, a little more sedate of mien, but as beautiful as in her impetuous girlhood, when she had made wreck of his happiness.

From a sitting posture he assumed the more commanding one of rising to his feet. Flight was in his heart, an intense gloom in his eyes, when she reached his side.

She held out her hands eagerly. He touched his cap gravely with his unshattered hand. She lifted sweet, pleading eyes to his stern face. He looked almost questioningly down upon her. How could she storm the outer works?

"You know me—you remember me, do you not, Colonel Dawson?" she asked timidly.

"As if I ever could forget Virginia Townsend."

"Edward!"

He stood mute and unresponsive. A crimson flood dyed her beautiful face. Her eyes fell before the stern sadness of his. Her long lashes were tear-laden. Her humiliation was complete. His triumph was questionable.

"I thought—I thought—when I heard how good you had been to Bert, that—that——"

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"It was all because he was your son."

"Yes, I did think that. Pardon me. In a second of time you have made me feel how dreadfully presumptuous I am. But Bert says I am not to go away without thanking you for what you have been to him. I do thank you—thank you for being good to him in spite of the fact that he is my son."

"A son for any mother to be proud of."

She made no response to this commonplace. Her quick woman's eye detected what he would gladly have concealed. He was quivering from head to foot.

"You are weak. You should not be standing. Please go back to your hammock."

"Perhaps I had best return to my tent, if you will kindly excuse me——" He turned—swayed, and as he stumbled made an ineffectual effort to rally his fleeing senses.

When consciousness returned to him he was stretched out upon the soft, high grass that grew close about his hammock, and his head was pillowed in Virginia Winslow's lap. Her tears fell hot and fast upon his bandaged arm. Seeing his eyes open, she bent over him impetuously.

"I have not called for help. I did not want them to take you away from me before I had won a single kind glance or forgiving word from you. Oh, Edward! I was not without some excuse. They told me that you were free to come to me, and yet did not. I was only sixteen, and feared my mother. One word of kindness for Bert's sake, and I will go away and leave you in peace."

He had not moved his eyes from her face since opening them. He now smiled at her with tender relenting.

"I have loved you ever since I can remember anything," said he, earnestly. "I shall love you until I die, in spite of——"

"I beseech you—" She laid a soft, white hand over his mouth. She stooped and pressed her lips to his broad, bronzed forehead. Why not? The hammock of "Old Daw" had been swung far away from the noise of the camp, where he could look out on the water, and be unmolested by the stir of the tents. There was no one to chide her, and—she loved him.

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When Mrs. Winslow started home, she took with her two wounded soldiers instead of one. It was agreed that a Colonel minus his right arm was more decorative than useful for camp purposes.

When she reached home, Painesville was treated to a third sensation, which threw all its predecessors into the shade. It was bidden to witness a quiet ceremony, in the gray memorial church, which gave to Samuel Dawson the woman he had loved all his life.

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HOW OLD HANS MET HIS WATERLOO

A LOVE STORY OF TWO CONTINENTS

By Harry Stillwell Edwards

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRED LOWENHEIM

OTTO SIESEL was at last a rich man; one dream of his youth had come true. It had all happened too quickly; the pace had been so rapid, the strain so great, that he did not fully realize what had happened for a year after his success was assured.

Reared in a little German town, among the whirring wheels and flying threads of a great cotton factory, he found himself at twenty possessed of an imperfect education, so far as books were concerned, but full of knowledge of another kind. He knew every wheel in the great building, from the thirty-foot driver in the engine-room to the last little gearing behind the spindles; every crank, from that of the engine to that which reversed the ball-winding machines. Day by day, from the time when he first entered that factory, his natural aptitude and his intense boyish curiosity combined to work out the secrets that attended the throbbing force which, rushing forth from the mighty engine, divided into rivers, rivulets and rills of power, as it were, and died away, its mission ended, at ten thousand distant points.

He was not satisfied with the simple fact; the wherefore of it all appealed to him. And one day he carried the secrets of all that vast plant in his head, as other boys carry the rules of a game, and its pictures.

Then something happened to Otto which changed the whole course of life for him. Hans Heineman, the miller behind the town, who might have been seen every day sitting in the sunlight before his mill door smoking a great Dutch pipe, had a daughter, Christina, fair to look upon. Her dark face was full of the color of youth, and it was lit by marvelous brown eyes. He had, also, another daughter, older and more sedate—not less beautiful, but, compared with Christina, as a moonbeam on the smooth waters above to a sun-ray dancing upon the rippling, broken waters below the mill.

And Otto loved Christina.

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Well, it was a chapter from the same old story. Hans took his Dutch pipe from his mouth and thundered:

"What! Marry my daughter! You, Otto Siesel!—and let her starve! Never! Gretchen is too good a girl for such a pig!"

And then the old man looked the boy over, from his brave blue eyes to the rough shoes upon his feet. "Go make a home for her," he said, "and come back."

"But it is not Gretchen," faltered Otto. "It is Christina I want."

Then he fairly fled from the storm that, gathering in one dark cloud upon the brow,

extended swiftly over the old man's face, flashed in lightnings from his eyes and burst in a torrent from his lips.

He fled none too soon, for a chair in the air was threatening to descend.

He found Christina, and they mingled their tears. They vowed eternal faithfulness—the vows of children; they pledged their troth—the pledges of sixteen and twenty-one. And Otto came away.

The young German found a place waiting for him in America. He could pass from engine to spindle, set up and start every piece of machinery in a cotton-mill, and new mills were springing up all over the South.

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One day he found a water-power that reminded him of the mill-stream back of his native town, and he bought it for a small cash payment and monthly additions. Then he saw a great chance, the chance of his life, to make money. By winding a peculiarly shaped ball of yarn he could save for the factory one handling of the mill's product that went to the knitting machines. He made a machine and wound the yarn in the new shape. His reward was great, and, taking it, he went forth and raised a company to utilize his water-power, now fortunately upon the line of a new railroad.

At last one day he stood proudly among the whirring wheels of a great cotton factory, and knew that a large share of it all was his. He did not suffer himself to think too much upon it then. Cool headed business men guided the financial affairs of the corporation and marketed its product. Otto, in blue overalls, was among the machinery from start until finish each day, rectifying, directing, guiding the new force, bringing all the new elements into subjection by the swift, sure touch of the expert.

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One morning he sat among the directors and heard the Treasurer's first report. Accustomed to the small profits of the fatherland, he could scarcely credit his senses. Thirty per cent! He was a rich man—rich not only in his possessions, but in a business that would make him immensely so. And he was but twenty-six years of age.

Otto's mind thereupon flew to other scenes. He was at last in a position to fulfill one other dream of his youth. From time to time, at long intervals, he had heard from Christina through his friend, Carl Sprecht, who had worked beside him in that first cotton factory; but Carl himself, for reasons that will appear soon, at last found it impossible to communicate with either Christina or Gretchen. So the grim old man by the little mill back of the village was master of the situation.

But with success had come boldness, and, upon the day the directors held the famous meeting, Otto took two hundred dollars from his savings, converted it into German exchange, inclosed it in a letter full of love and minute directions, and sent it to the guardian of his little German sweetheart. He was a keen youth, and knew the value of money in the frugal home by the mill-stream.

No answer came; but at last he received a telegram from the German steamship office in New York to meet a young woman upon a certain day.

Burning with impatience, and tingling with excitement, Otto, who had let slip to more than one acquaintance the news of the coming of his sweetheart, stood on the platform of the railway station, waiting for the express. Around him were a score of people, assembled to share his joy and pass judgment upon the bride. The train drew up, and, pressing forward, he saw—Gretchen, pale, timid, abashed, alight and look about her.

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For the moment his heart stood still. Gretchen was beautiful, but Gretchen was not Christina; and an immense disappointment filled him. It must be admitted, too, that tears rose into his honest, eager eyes. The crowd looked on and smiled. "How charmingly bashful are the bride and groom; how delightfully awkward!"

Then to Otto came the realization that this poor little woman was in a strange land without a friend or protector. Whatever the error, it was not hers; and she had come three thousand miles to him—she was from his home. Swallowing a sob that was choking him, he sprang forward, took her in his arms and kissed her upon the lips. And the little crowd cheered to see her blushes.

Then gravely he bade her welcome, and led her away to the care of his kind old landlady. The girl was distrait, embarrassed, and silent. When they were alone in the little parlor, the greetings over, she came and touched him upon the shoulder. Her eyes meeting his troubled glance, she burst into tears, and sobbed with her cheek against his breast, quite unmanning and overwhelming the honest fellow.

"There! there!" he murmured brokenly, "don't cry, Gretchen. I will make you a good husband. I will do the best I can, and no one shall ever know the difference. And you are a long ways too good for any man!"

She stopped crying then, and looked up at him through her swimming eyes. Gradually the anxiety and sorrow disappeared; a gleam of fun beamed there, while a smile hovered around her mouth.

"That is good of you, Otto; but wait—I am not going to be your wife!"

"What!" he cried, and then in amazement. "But why did you come?"

She told him Christina had been away visiting an aunt when his letter arrived, and the old gentleman at the door had settled affairs to suit himself. He had deliberately called up Gretchen and informed her that Otto had written for a wife, and that she, the elder daughter, was to go. The beggar had made his fortune, and had sent the money for her trip. Gretchen had rebelled, knowing as she did the romance of her sister's life. Besides, she loved poor Carl, who was plodding through slow promotions in the home factory, hoping to claim her some day, though when neither of them could say, since the uncompromising, unsentimental old father would not let him come within hailing distance of the house among the oziers.

The sending away of Gretchen to become Otto's wife was his master-stroke; it destroyed all the plots that had been thickening around him. How his fat sides must have shaken with laughter as he smoked away by his mill door in the sunlight and thought of Carl and Otto. Besides, one hundred dollars was enough for Gretchen's expenses. Was she not going to a rich husband? And the other hundred would buy many things for Christina. Was it not intended for her? And again he shook with laughter.

But there is an old proverb to the effect that "who laughs last, laughs best."

"And so, dear Otto," said Gretchen, "I came away—to marry you? No! To ask your help and give you mine? Yes!"

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Otto was unconsciously ungallant enough to show his delight.

"But I do not understand," he began.

"Of course not. The men are always stupid, Otto dear. But are you indeed rich?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

"And you wouldn't mind sending some more money for Christina?"

"I would send every dollar I have!" And he meant it.

"Then let us wait a week or two, and do this: Listen: I shall write a letter back and tell them of our home here——" She blushed when her eyes met his, "and tell him of the new land, and how many better chances a girl has of doing well, and ask that Christina come and pay us a visit——"

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Otto almost crushed her in his enthusiasm.

"Oh, it's my sister-in-law I'm hugging!" he said, and he crushed her again. Then, in his excitement he walked the floor crying: "Go on! I thought I had a head, but 'tis the woman beats the world when a campaign of this kind is on!"

"But, Otto," she continued, looking up archly; "Christina has never been a manager; she has always had everything done for her; and if she should get lost on the way!"

Otto's brow clouded.

"Yes! Yes!" he said. "I have had a great deal of worry over that point already. But may we help it? I cannot possibly go, even so far as New York."

He saw Gretchen's face then; it was crimson; but the same ray of fun had brightened her eyes again.

"What is it, Gretchen? There is more behind!"

"If you had a place for him here, in the factory—you know how steady and reliable he is, and how thorough—if you had a place for him, Carl might quietly come with her! and—you see——"

Gretchen took up the corner of her handkerchief and examined its pattern intently, a little smile playing about her mouth-corners.

Otto roared with laughter. He did see. And he did more. Appreciating the limited means of his friend Carl, he disclosed that he intended to send him money also. "But," said he, with sudden alarm, "will Christina come? Will she not be angry and deceived?"

"Dear me!" said Gretchen. "And they say that you are a wise man! Yes, indeed, she will come! I promised her in a letter when I left not to marry you, and I promised Carl in another to marry him when he comes!"

And Otto was obliged to admit, that in some things he was not a smart man—that is, not as smart as a woman whose happiness depends upon her own wits.

"God bless you, Gretchen!" he said. "If all women are as faithful as you——"

He could say no more, because the old lump arose in his throat and stopped him.

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When the little boy who waited around the mill brought old Hans Heinemann an American-German paper from the post-office a month later, and his horn-rim glasses from the dusty shelf, he lingered near the doorway to watch. There were great ink brackets inclosing a half column in the paper, and on this the veteran fixed his gaze.

Then the boy heard a great, growling German imprecation explode like a sunset-gun at the fort; and the old man's Dutch pipe, that he had smoked for thirty years, lay in fragments on the ground. The boy fled, and soon it was whispered around that Hans had received terrible news from America.

The shoemaker came at the head of the anxious neighbors and found him sitting in the sunlight trying to piece his broken pipe. Hans looked at him a moment, then loaned him his glasses and the paper.

"Read it!" he said briefly.

The shoemaker read aloud:

> "Married on the 5th inst., at Blanton, Georgia, U. S. A., Otto Siesel to Christina Heinemann; and Carl Sprecht to Gretchen Heinemann. Mr. Siesel is the popular and wealthy shareholder in the Sunrise Manufacturing Company, and Mr. Sprecht is foreman of the spinners' room in the same establishment. The brides are the daughters of Mr. Hans Heinemann, a veteran of the late Franco-Prussian war and an honored citizen of Bavaria. They are noted for their grace and beauty. All will, of course, make Blanton their home, where it is expected that their father will soon join them."

When the reader finished there was a moment of silence, and then roars of laughter followed. Hans did not lift his eyes; he merely raised his bushy brow a trifle.

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"They broke all of your plans, neighbor," said the shoemaker, prodding him.

"And my pipe," said Hans ruefully. "That is worse!"

"And you will go, too! The paper says it?"

"Why not? We shall see."

It was a great day when Hans arrived at Blanton. The girls threw themselves upon him and covered his cheeks with kisses; for he had, after all, been a good father, in his rough way; and he was alone now. He reached out his hands while they held him, and took those of his sons-in-law.

"It was like Sedan!" he said. And his eyes blinked fast. Then, when he had rested, they led him beyond the great factory to where the willows grew wild; and there was the little German mill reproduced by Otto from memory, with a Dutch chair at the door, and plenty of sunlight.

"Sit down and be happy," they said. And sitting there, with the faces of his children passing in and around the open door and the purring brook humming the old-time melody, he lit his pipe and dreamed of home.

"A new pipe!" they cried amazed.

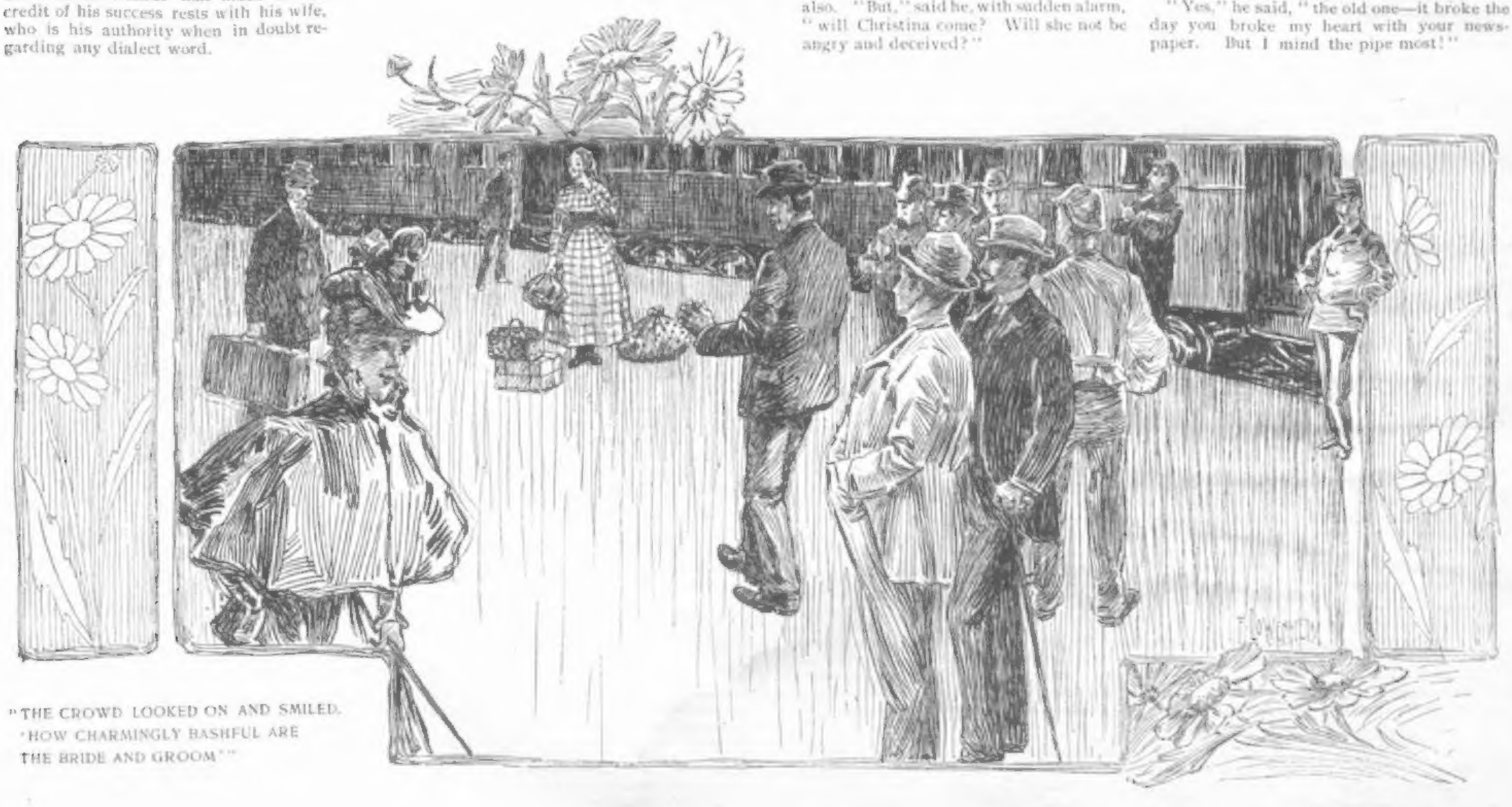
"Yes," he said, "the old one—it broke the day you broke my heart with your newspaper. But I mind the pipe most!"

•••

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1854. His first literary work was done, in 1875, for the Macon Telegraph, of which he was the local editor. In 1881 he became part owner of the Telegraph, and its success was largely the result of his witty editorials and paragraphs. Before he became known to the general reading public, he grew quite famous throughout the South as a humorist, and many of his humorous sketches are treasured in Southern scrap-books. Later he entered the broader literary field as a writer of magazine stories. His dialect poems had a great popularity in England as well as in this country.

Mr. Edwards owns a large plantation near Macon, and he spends a great deal of his time there. On his estate live many of the slaves that formerly were the property of his wife's family. Here Mr. Edwards finds nearly all his negro types, and all his studies are taken from life. He is about five feet ten inches in height, very erect, with a dark complexion, brown hair and hazel eyes. He is quite a musician, and is intensely fond of field sports. He tells his friends that much of the credit of his success rests with his wife, who is his authority when in doubt regarding any dialect word.



"THE CROWD LOOKED ON AND SMILED. 'HOW CHARMINGLY BASHFUL ARE THE BRIDE AND GROOM'"

MERELY PLAYERS

The Courtship of Ferdinand and the King

By Henry Harland

In two parts —— Part two.

WITH DRAWINGS BY H. MARTIN JUSTICE

THERE was a wide green meadow, sprinkled with buttercups and daisies; and under a great tree, at this end of it, he suddenly espied her. She was seated on the moss, stroking with one finger tip a cockchafer that was perched upon another, and regarding the little monster with intent meditative eyes. She wore a frock the bodice part of which was all drooping creamy lace; she had thrown her hat and gloves aside; her hair was in some slight, soft disarray; her loose sleeve had fallen back, disclosing a very perfect wrist and the beginning of a smooth white arm. Altogether, she made an extremely pleasing picture, sweetly, warmly feminine. Ferdinand Augustus stood still, and watched her for an instant before he spoke. Then——

"I have come to intercede with you on behalf of your carp," he announced. "They are rending Heaven with complaints of your cruel desertion."

She looked up, with a whimsical, languid little smile. "Oh! Are they?"

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He shook his head sorrowfully. "You will permit me to admire your fine, frank disregard of their feelings."

"Oh, they have the past to remember," she said. "And perhaps some day I shall go back to them. For the moment I amuse myself very well with cockchafers. They're less tumultuous. And then, carp won't come and perch on your finger. And then, one likes a change. Now fly away, fly away home; your house is on fire, and your children will burn," she crooned to the cockchafer, giving it never so gentle a push. But instead of flying away, it dropped upon the moss, and thence began to stumble, clumsily, blunderingly, toward the open window.

"You shouldn't have caused the poor beast such a panic," he reproached her. "You should have broken the dreadful news gradually. As you see, your sudden blurting of it out has deprived him of the use of his faculties. Don't believe her," he called after the cockchafer. "She's practicing upon your credulity. Your house isn't on fire."

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"Your consideration is entirely misplaced," she assured him, with the same slight whimsical smile. "The cockchafer knows perfectly well that his house isn't on fire, because he hasn't got any house. Cockchafers never have houses. His apparent concern is sheer affection. He's an exceedingly hypocritical little cockchafer."

"I should call him an exceedingly polite little cockchafer. Hypocrisy is the compliment courtesy owes to falsehood. He pretended to believe you. He would not have the air of doubting a lady's word."

"You came as the emissary of the carp," she said, "and now you stay to defend the character of their rival."

"To be candid, I don't care a hang for the carp," he confessed brazenly. "The unadorned fact is that I'm immensely glad to see you."

She gave a little laugh, and bowed with exaggerated ceremony. "*Grand merci, Monsieur; vous me faites trop d'honneur*," she murmured.

"Oh, no; not more than you deserve. I'm a just man, and I give you your due. I was boring myself into melancholy madness. The afternoon lay before me like a bumper of dust and ashes, that I must somehow empty. And then I saw you, and you dashed the goblet from my lips. Thank goodness (I said to myself), at last there's a human soul to talk with; the very thing I was pining for—a clever and sympathetic woman."

"You take a great deal for granted," laughed she.

"Oh, I know you're clever, and it pleases me to fancy that you're sympathetic. If you're not," he pleaded, "don't tell me so. Let me cherish my illusion."

She shook her head doubtfully. "I'm a poor hand at disseminating."

"It's an art you should study," said he. "If we begin by feigning an emotion, we often end by genuinely feeling it."

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"I've observed for myself," she informed him, "that if we begin by genuinely feeling an emotion, but rigorously conceal it, we're as like as not to end by feeling it no longer. It dies of suffocation. I've had that experience quite lately. There was a certain person whom I heartily despised and hated; and then, as chance would have it, I was thrown two or three times into his company; and for motives of expediency I disguised my antagonism. In the end, do you know, I found myself rather liking him?"

"Oh, women are most fearfully and wonderfully made," he returned adroitly.

"And so are some men," said she. "Could you oblige me with the name and address of a competent witch or warlock?" she added irrelevantly.

"What under the sun can you want with such an unholy thing?" he exclaimed.

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"I want a hate-charm—something that I can take at night to revive my hatred of the man I was speaking of."

"Look here," he warned her, "I've not come all this distance, under a scorching sun, to stand here now and talk of another man. Cultivate a contemptuous indifference toward him. Banish him from your mind and avoid him in your conversation."

"I'll try," she consented; "though, if you were familiar with the circumstances, you'd recognize a certain difficulty in doing that." She reached for her gloves, and began to put one on. "Will you be so good as to tell me the time of day?"

He looked at his watch. "It's nowhere near time for you to be moving yet."

"You must not trifle about affairs of state," she said. "At a definite hour I have business at the palace."

"Oh, for that matter, so have I. But it's half-past four. To call half-past four a definite hour would be to do a violence to the language."

"It is earlier than I thought," she admitted, with a pretty sigh of relief, discontinuing her operation with the glove.

He smiled approval. "Your heart is in the right place, after all. It would have been inhuman to abandon me. Oh, yes, pleasantry apart, I am in a condition of mind in which solitude spells misery. And yet I am on speaking terms with but three living people whose society I prefer to it."

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"You are indeed in sad case, then," she compassionated him. "But why should solitude spell misery? A man of wit like you should have resources within himself."

"Am I, then, a man of wit?" he asked innocently.

Her eyes gleamed mischievously. "What is your opinion about it?"

"I don't know," he reflected. "Perhaps I might have been if I had met a woman like you earlier in life."

"At all events," she laughed, "if you are not a man of wit, it is not for lack of courage. But why does solitude spell misery? Have you great crimes weighing upon your conscience?"

"No, nothing so amusing. But when one is alone, one thinks—that way madness lies."

"Then do you never think when you are engaged in conversation?"

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She raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"You should be able to judge of that by the quality of my remarks. At any rate, I feel."

"What do you feel?" she asked.

"When I am engaged in conversation with you, I feel a general sense of agreeable stimulation; and, in addition to that, at this particular moment I feel—— But are you sure you wish to know?" he broke off suddenly.

"Yes, tell me," she said, with curiosity.

"Well, then, a furious desire to smoke a cigarette," and he looked up questioningly.

"Then, do, please, light one."

He produced his cigarette-case, but he seemed to hesitate about lighting a cigarette.

"Have you no matches?" she inquired.

"Yes, thank you. I was only thinking."

He finally applied a match-flame to his cigarette. "But you may allow me to look at your cigarette-case," she went on. "It looks like a pretty bit of silver." And when he had handed it to her she exclaimed, "It is engraved with the Royal arms."

"Yes. Why not?" said he.

"Does it belong to the King?"

"It was a present from the King."

"To you? You are a friend of the King?" she asked with some eagerness.

"I will not deceive you," he replied. "No, not to me. The King gave it to Hilary Clairevolx, the Constable of Bellefontaine; and Hilary, who's a carfeess fellow, left it lying about in his music-room, and I came along and pocketed it. It is a pretty bit of silver, and I shall never restore it to its rightful owner if I can help it."

"But you are a friend of the King's?" she repeated with insistence.

"I have not that honor. Indeed, I have never seen him. I am a friend of Hilary's; I am his guest. He has stayed with me in England—I am an Englishman—and now I am returning his visit."

"That is well," said she, looking at him closely. "If you were a friend of the King you would be an enemy of mine."

"Oh!" he wondered. "Why is that?"

"I hate the King?" she answered simply.

"Dear me, what a capacity you have for hating! This is the second hatred you have avowed within the hour. What has His Highness, the King, done to displease you?"

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"You are an Englishman. Has the King's reputation not reached England yet? He is the scandal of Europe. What has he done? But no—do not encourage me to speak of him. I should grow too heated," she said strenuously.

"On the contrary, I pray of you, go on," urged Ferdinand Augustus. "Your King is a character that interests me more than you can think. His reputation has, indeed, reached England, and I have conceived a great curiosity about him. One only hears vague rumors, to be sure—nothing specific; but one has learned to think of him as original and romantic. You know him. Tell me a lot about him—everything you know."

"Oh, I do not know him personally. That is an affliction I have as yet been spared." Then, suddenly, "Mercy upon me, what have I said!" she cried. "I must 'knock wood,' or the evil spirits will bring me that mischance to-morrow." And she tapped the bark of the tree beside her.

Ferdinand Augustus laughed. "But if you do not know him, why do you hate him?"

"I know him very well by reputation. I know what he does and leaves undone. If you are curious about him, ask your friend Hilary. He is the King's foster-brother. He could tell you stories," she added meaningly.

"I have asked him. But Hilary's lips are sealed. He depends upon the King's protection for his fortune, and the palace-walls (I suppose he fears) have ears. But you can speak without danger. He is the scandal of Europe? There's nothing I love like scandal. Tell me all about him."

"You have not come all this distance, under a scorching sun, to stand here now and talk of another man. Cultivate an indifference toward him," she reminded him.

"Oh, but Kings are different," he argued. "Tell me about your King."

"I can tell you at once," said she, "that our King is the rankest egotist in two hemispheres. You have learned to think of him as original and romantic? No; he is simply intensely selfish and intensely silly. He is a King Do-Nothing, a Roi Fainéant, who shirks and evades all the duties and responsibilities of his position; who builds extravagant châteaux in remote parts of the country and hides in them, alone with a few obscure companions; who will never visit his capital, never show his face to his subjects; who takes no sort of interest in public business or the welfare of his kingdom, and leaves the entire government to his ministers; who will not even hold a court, or give balls or banquets; who, in short, does nothing that a King ought to do, and might, for all the good we get of him, be a mere stranger in the land—a mere visitor like yourself.

"So closely does he seclude himself that I doubt if there be a hundred people in the whole country who have ever seen him to know him. If he travels from one place to another it is always in the strictest incognito, and those who then chance to meet him never have any reason to suspect that he is not a private person. His very effigy on the coin of the realm is reputed to be false, resembling him in no wise. But I could go on forever," she said, bringing her indictment to a rather sudden and impatient termination.

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"Really," said Ferdinand Augustus, "I cannot see that you have alleged anything very damaging. A Roi Fainéant? But every King of a modern constitutional State is, willy-nilly, that. He can do nothing but sign bills which he generally disapproves of, lay foundation stones, set the fashion in hats, and bow and look pleasant as he drives through the streets. He has no power for good, and mighty little for evil. He is just a State prisoner. It seems to me that your particular King has shown some sense in trying to escape so much as he may of the prison's irksomeness. I should call it rare bad luck to be born a King. Either you've got to shirk your kingship, and then fair ladies dub you the scandal of Europe; or else you've got to accept it, and then you're as happy as a man in a strait-waistcoat. And then, and then! Oh, I can think of a thousand and one unpleasantnesses attendant upon the condition of a King.

"Your King, as I understand it, has said to himself, 'Hang it all, I didn't ask to be born a King, but since that is my misfortune, I will seek to mitigate it as much as I am able. A man, on the whole—a human being, with a human life to live, and only, probably, threescore-and-ten years in which to live it. Very good; I will live my life. I will lay no foundation stones, nor drive about the streets bowing and looking pleasant. I will live my life alone with the few people I find to my liking. I will take the cash and let the credit go.' I am bound to say," concluded Ferdinand Augustus, "that your King has done exactly what I should have done had I been in his place."

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"You will never, at least," said she, "defend the shameful manner in which he has behaved toward the Queen. It is for that I hate him. It is for that, that we, the Queen's gentlewomen, have adopted, 'Tis a Weary Day' as a watchword. It will, indeed, be a weary day until we see the King on his knees at the Queen's feet craving her forgiveness."

"Oh! What has he done to the Queen?" asked Ferdinand, interested.

"What has he done! Humiliated her as never woman was humiliated before. He married her by proxy at her father's court; and she was conducted with great pomp and circumstance into his Kingdom—to find what? That he had fled to one of his absurd castles in the North and refused to see her! He has remained there ever since, hiding like—but there is nothing in created space to compare him to. Is it the behavior of a gentleman, of a gallant man, not to say a King?" she cried warmly, looking up at him with shining eyes, her cheeks faintly flushed, her hands clenched.

Ferdinand Augustus bowed. "The Queen is fortunate in her advocate. I have not heard the King's side of the story. I can, however, imagine excuses for him. Suppose that his ministers, for reasons of policy,

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importuned and importuned him to marry a certain Princess, until he yielded in mere fatigue. In that case, why should he be bothered further? Why should he add one to the tedious complications of existence by meeting the bride he never desired? Is it not sufficient that, by his complaisance, she should have gained the rank and title of a Queen? She should be satisfied.

"Besides, he may be in love with another woman. Or, perhaps—but who can tell? He may have twenty reasons. And, anyhow, you cannot deny to the situation the merit of being highly ridiculous. A husband and wife who are not personally acquainted! It is a delicious commentary upon the whole system of marriages by proxy. You confirm my notion that your King is original."

"He may have twenty reasons," answered she, "but he had better have twenty terrors. It is perfectly certain that the Queen will be fully avenged."

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"How so?" asked Ferdinand Augustus.

"The Queen is young, high spirited, moderately good-looking, and unspeakably incensed. Trust a young, high-spirited, and handsome woman, outraged by her husband, to know how to avenge herself. Oh, some day he will see!"

"Ah, well, he must take his chances." Ferdinand sighed. "Perhaps he is liberal-minded enough not to care what she does."

"The Queen's revenge will be subtle and unexpected. She is no fool, and she will not rest until she has achieved it. Oh, he will see—he will see!"

"I imagined it was the curse of Royalty to be without true friends," said Ferdinand Augustus. "The Queen has a very ardent one in you."

"I am afraid I cannot altogether acquit myself of interested motives," she disclaimed modestly. "I am of her Majesty's household, and my fortunes must rise and fall with hers. But I assure you I am honestly indignant with the King."

"The poor King! Upon my soul, he has my sympathy," said Ferdinand.

"You are terribly ironical," said she.

"Irony was ten thousand leagues from my intention," he protested. "In all sincerity the object of your indignation has my sympathy. I trust you will not consider it an impertinence if I say that I already count you among the few people I have met whose good opinion is a matter to be coveted. I should feel dreadfully were I to lose all chance of ever winning your good opinion."

She had risen while he was speaking, and now she bobbed him a little curtsy. "I will show my appreciation of yours by taking flight before anything can happen to alter it," she laughed, moving away.

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"You are singularly animated to-night," said Hilary, contemplating Ferdinand from across the dinner-table; "yet, at the same time, abstracted. You have the air of a man who is rolling something pleasant under his tongue—something sweet and secret; it might be a hope, it might be a recollection. Where have you passed the afternoon? You've been about some mischief, I'll warrant. By Jove, you set me thinking. I'll wager a penny you've been having a bit of rational conversation with that handsome, brown-haired woman."

"Her hair is red," Ferdinand Augustus rejoined, with firmness. "And her conversation," he added sadly, "is anything you please but rational. She spent her whole time picking flaws in the character of the King. She talked downright treason. She said he was the scandal of Europe and the frankest egotist in two hemispheres."

"Ah? She appears to have some instinct for the correct use of language," commented Hilary dryly.

"All the same, I rather like her," Ferdinand went on, "and I'm half inclined to undertake her conversion. I'm half inclined to follow your advice, and go in for a love adventure with her."

"Oh, but love adventures, I have it on high authority, are iterations," objected Hilary promptly.

"That is very true; they are," Ferdinand agreed. "But the life of man is woven of iterations. Tell me of any single thing that isn't an iteration and I'll give you a quarter of my fortune. The day and the night, the seasons and the years, the fair weather and the foul, breakfast and luncheon and dinner—all are iterations. If there's any reality behind the doctrine of metempsychosis, death, too, is an iteration. There's no escaping iterations: there's nothing new under the sun. But as long as one is alive, one must do something in its essence identical with something one has done before, but one must do something. Why not, then, a love adventure with a woman that attracts you irresistibly?"

"Women are a pack of samenesses," said Hilary despondently.

"Yes, quite so," assented Ferdinand. "Women, and men, too, are a pack of samenesses. We're all struck with the same die, of the same metal, at the same mint. Our

resemblance is intrinsic, fundamental; our differences are accidental, and skin deep. We have the same features, organs, dimensions, with but a hair's breadth variation; the same needs, instincts, propensities; the same hopes, fears, ideas. One man's meat is another man's meat; one man's poison is another man's poison. We are as like to one another as the leaves of the same tree. Skin us, and (save for your fat) the most skilled anatomist could never distinguish you from me. Women are a pack of samenesses; but, hang it all, one has got to make the best of a monotonous universe. And this particular woman, with her red hair and her eyes, strikes me as attractive. Anyhow, she attracts me—that is certain."

And then, for what seemed to him an eternity, he never once encountered her. Morning and afternoon, day after day, he roamed the park of Bellefontaine from end to end, in all directions, but never once caught sight of so much as the flutter of her garments. And the result was that he began to grow seriously sentimental. "*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai!*" It was June, to be sure; but the meteorological influences were, for that, only the more potent. He remembered her shining eyes now as not merely whimsical and ardent, but as pensive, appealing, tender; he remembered her face as a face seen in starlight, ethereal and mystic; and her voice as low music far away. He recalled their last meeting as a treasure he had possessed and lost; he blamed himself for the frivolity of his talk and manner, and for the ineffectual impression of him this lightness must have left upon her.

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Perpetually thinking of her, he was perpetually sighing, perpetually suffering strange, sudden, half painful, half delicious commotions in the tissues of his heart. Every morning he rose with a replenished fund of hope: this day, at last, would produce her. Every night he went to bed pitying himself as bankrupt of hope. And all the while, though he pined to talk of her, a curious bashfulness withheld him; so that, between him and Hilary, for quite a fortnight, she was not mentioned. It was Hilary who finally broke the silence.

"Why so pale and wan?" Hilary asked him. "Will—when looking well won't move her—looking ill prevail?"

"Oh, I am seriously love-sick," cried Ferdinand Augustus frankly. "I went in for a sensation, and I got a real emotion."

"Poor youth! And she won't look at you, I suppose?" was Hilary's unsatisfactory method of commiseration.

"I have not seen her for a mortal fortnight. She has completely vanished. And for the first time in my life I'm deeply and seriously in love."

"You are incapable of being seriously in love," said Hilary.

"I had always thought so myself," admitted Ferdinand Augustus. "The most I had ever felt for any woman was a sort of mere lukewarm desire, a sort of mere meaningless titillation. But this woman is different. She's as different to other women as wine is different to toast and water. She has the *jeu-sacré*. She's done something to the very inmost soul of me; she's laid it bare, and set it quivering and yearning. She's made herself indispensable to me; I can't live without her. Ah, you don't know what she's like. She's like some strange, beautiful, burning spirit. I long for an hour alone with her!

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"Oh—to touch her hand—to look into those eyes of hers—to hear her speak to me! I tell you squarely, if she'd have me, I'd fly with her to the uttermost ends of the earth. But she has totally disappeared, and I can do nothing to recover her without betraying my identity; and that would spoil everything. I want her to love me for myself, believing me to be a plain man, like you or anybody. If she knew who I am, how could I ever be sure of her love?"

"You are in a bad way," said Hilary, looking at him with amusement. "And yet, I'm gratified to see it. Her hair is not so red as I could wish, but, after all, it's reddish; and you appear to be genuinely aflame. It will do you no end of good; it will make a man of you—a plain man, like me, or anybody. But your impatience is not reasoned. A fortnight? You have not met her for a fortnight? My dear, to a plain man (like me or anybody) a fortnight's nothing. It's just an appetizer. Watch and wait, and you'll meet her before you know it. And now, if you will excuse me, I have business in another quarter of the palace."

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Ferdinand Augustus, left to himself, went down into the garden. It was a wonderful summer's evening, made, indeed (if I may steal a phrase from Hilary) of perfumed velvet. The sun had set an hour since, but the western sky was still splendid, like a dark banner, with sombre reds and purples; and in the east hung the full moon, so brilliant, so apposite, as to seem somehow almost like a piece of premeditated decoration. The waters of the fountains flashed silvery in its light; glossy leaves gave back dim reflections; here and there, embowered among the trees, white statues gleamed ghost-like. Away in the park somewhere, innumerable frogs were croaking, croaking; subdued by distance, the sound gained a quality that was plaintive and unearthly.

The long façade of the palace lay obscure in shadow; only at the far end, in the Queen's apartments, were the windows alight. But quite close at hand, the moon caught a corner of the terrace; and here, presently, Ferdinand Augustus became aware of a human figure. A woman was standing alone by the balustrade, gazing out into the wondrous night. Ferdinand Augustus' heart began to pound, and it was a full minute before he could command himself sufficiently to move or to speak to her.

At last, however, he became more calm and then approached her. "Good evening," he said, looking up from the pathway.

She glanced down at him, leaning upon the balustrade. "Oh, how do you do?" She smiled her surprise. She was in evening dress, a white robe embroidered with pearls; and she wore a tiara of pearls in her hair. She had a light cloak thrown over her shoulders, a little cape trimmed with swan's-down. "Ah!" thought Ferdinand Augustus, "how magnificent she is!"

"It's a hundred years since I have seen you," he said.

"Oh, is it so long as that? I should have imagined it was about a fortnight."

"That is a question of psychology. But now at last I find you when I least expect to see you."

"I have slipped out for a moment," she explained, "to enjoy this beautiful prospect. One has no such view from the Queen's end of the terrace. One cannot see the moon."

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"I cannot see the moon from where I am standing," said he complainingly.

"No; because you have turned your back upon it," said she.

"I have chosen between two visions. If you were to authorize me to join you, aloft there, I could see both."

"I have no power to authorize you," she laughed; "the terrace is not my property. But if you choose to take the risk——"

"Oh," he cried, "you are good, you are kind." And in an instant he had joined her on the terrace, and his heart was fluttering wildly with its sense of her nearness to him. He could not speak.

"Well, now you can see the moon. Is it all your fancy painted?" she asked, with her whimsical smile. Her face was exquisitely pale in the moonlight; her eyes glowed.

"Oh," he began, but broke off. His breath trembled. "I cannot speak," he said.

She arched her eyebrows. "Then we have made some mistake. This will never be you, in that case."

"Oh, yes, it is I. It is the other fellow, the gabbler, who is not myself," he contrived to tell her.

"You lead a double life, like the villain in the play," she suggested.

"You must have your laugh at my expense; have it, and welcome. But I know what I know," he said.

"What do you know?" she asked quickly and nervously.

"I know that I am in love with you."

"Oh, only that," she said, with relief.

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"Only that. But that is a great deal. I know that I love you—oh, yes, unutterably. If you could see yourself! You are absolutely unique among women. I would never have believed it possible for any woman to make me feel what you have made me feel. I have never spoken like this to any woman in all my life. Oh, you may laugh. It is the truth, upon my word of honor. If you could look into your eyes, yes—even when you are laughing at me! I can see your wonderful burning spirit shining deep, deep in your eyes. You do not dream how different you are to other women. You are a wonderful burning poem. They are platitudes. Oh, I love you unutterably! There has not been an hour since I last saw you that I have not thought of you, loved you, longed for you. And now, here you stand—you yourself, beside me! If you could see into my heart, if you could see what I feel!"

She looked at the moon, with a strange little smile, and was silent.

"Will you not speak to me?" he cried.

"What would you have me say?" she asked, still looking away.

"Oh, you know—you know what I would have you say."

"I am afraid you will not like the only thing I can say." She turned, and met his eyes. "I am a married woman, and—I am deeply in love with my husband."

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Ferdinand Augustus stood aghast. "Oh, my God!" he groaned.

"Yes; though he has given me little enough reason to do so, I have fallen in love with him," she went on pitilessly. "So you must get over your fancy for me. After all, I am a total stranger to you. You do not even know my name."

"Will you tell me your name?" asked Ferdinand humbly. "It will be something to remember."

"My name is Marguerite."

"Marguerite! Marguerite!" he repeated it caressingly. "It is a beautiful name. But it is also the name of the Queen."

"I am the only person named Marguerite in the Queen's Court," said she.

"What!" cried Ferdinand Augustus.

"Oh, it's a wise husband who knows his own wife," laughed she.

And then—— But I have told enough.

(THE END)

THE MINISTER'S STRANGE WOOING

By Mrs Caroline Abbot Stanley

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. LOWENHEIM

THE REV. MELANCTHON LAY was a widower of a year's standing. He was now nearing that critical time—dangerous alike to infant life and masculine constancy—known as the "second summer." That he would pull through seemed improbable.

And yet, never was woman more tenderly loved than the late Mrs. Lay; never was wife more deeply or truly mourned. Her husband felt, from the depths of his soul, as he stood by her coffined form, that for him life was over; henceforward it would be existence—which he prayed for grace to endure.

He prayed more and more as the days went by. You see, it not only wrenched his heart; it upset his life. His wife had been a gentle, self-effacing creature, who, deploring her own lack of gifts, saw to it that her husband had abundant time to cultivate his. The domestic machinery in his home was so perfectly adjusted and so unobtrusively oiled, that nobody ever thought of there being an engineer, until one day it stopped. And the Rev. Melancthon Lay, with all his great knowledge of Assyrian antiquities, could not make it go—no matter how he tried.

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Nothing seems simpler than the ordering of a home till one has it to do. Then, if that one happens to be a man, he inevitably finds in his soul a growing respect for feminine grasp of details.

The minister had one little daughter. He registered a vow beside her dead mother that he would never be separated from her. She should not lack a father's care, at any rate, poor child! This determination meant more than he realized at the time. It naturally necessitated keeping up an establishment. The parish bestirred itself to find him a suitable housekeeper.

Old Mrs. Nixey undertook his case first. But Mrs. Nixey, while thoroughly orthodox, could not cook, and Mr. Lay could not show her how—and after a few months of dyspepsia which gave a decidedly mediæval cast to his theology she was allowed to go.

He then secured a good cook and a nursery-maid and abandoned the idea of a housekeeper. As every woman of experience knows, the domestic carryall, when drawn by a double team, is apt to be jerky unless a firm hand holds the reins and compels steady pulling on the part of both steeds. Mr. Lay's anticipated quiet was soon invaded by wars and rumors of wars below, which Myrtle brought in great excitement to his study.

These resulted in the summary dismissal of the belligerent powers. He could not have Myrtle brought up in the atmosphere of strife. That would never do!

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The next incumbent was a young widow who presented herself at this juncture as a housekeeper that loved to cook and was fond of children—wages not so much an object as an agreeable home. The young minister, in the integrity of his heart, took her ministrations as great gain to himself and Myrtle till a worldly-wise deacon pointed out to him one day that the widow was obviously playing for stakes. Then the shocked and alarmed clergyman gave her notice with a precipitation that set the whole neighborhood laughing.

After this Annie's mother came to live with them, and there was a lull for a season in the discussion of the Lay household affairs.

Myrtle's grandmother was a most estimable lady, but of a painfully conscientious turn. She lived during the height of the mother-in-law joke, and being somewhat deficient in a sense of humor took these inane newspaper pleasantries more seriously than their height and depth warranted. Nobody should say that she ever tried to run her son-in-law—or his child—or his house! Melancthon was the head of the family, she told old Mrs. Ashton, and she should always consult him about everything! And she did—with scant discrimination as to times and seasons—to the poor man's distraction.

She could never be made to see that it was the interruption that hindered him, not comprehending that when a thread is broken it is broken, whether it is severed by the sharp cut of a question or its ends untwisted by an hour's talk. In her heart she thought Melancthon a little unreasonable. How could it be an interruption just to say "veal" or "mutton"?

The same circumstantial conscience pursued him in regard to Myrtle's clothes. Should she get pink or blue for her hat? Did he think she'd better have calico or gingham? No; he must decide—she was his child, it was for him to say, etc.

He told her at last, being anxious to get back to the less complex subject of cuneiform characters, to get whatever Myrtle wanted. But it was no part of this good lady's plan to consult a baby, however scrupulous she might be about the baby's father, and she returned from the store one day with a brown checked domestic gingham. She made it by a pattern she had used for her daughter Annie.

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When Sunday morning came there was civil war—and no wonder. It was down to her shoe-tops. Myrtle declared it was a horrid old thing and she wouldn't wear it! And her incensed and injured grandmother couldn't make her. Her screams brought her father from his study. He tried to pacify her. It looked wrong to him, but he could not tell wherein, and he praised her "pretty dress" and her "dear, good grandmother" till Myrtle in a fury said it wasn't pretty—and she didn't love her grandma—she was a mean old thing—that's what she was!

Then her father told her sternly she should wear the dress and go with her grandmother to church, and Myrtle felt deserted of God and man, and threw herself on the floor and cried passionately (as we all do inwardly to our dying day in such a case).

"I want my mamma!"

It almost broke his heart. But he made her go. And the little five-year-old rebel sat upright in the pew, holding herself distinctly aloof from her "dear grandma," and clutching the offending skirt so she could see her shoes, suffering, meanwhile, such agonies of mortification as only motherless children dressed by grandmothers ever know.

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The scene had been a trying one to Mr. Lay. It followed him into the pulpit. He had an uncomfortable sense of having managed it badly. He looked at a child across the aisle and felt that he had been too harsh. What would Annie have done? But then, with Annie it would never have arisen. He felt so helpless with this little piece of humanity dependent upon him. He did not know what to do about her clothes. He did not know what to do about her, half the time. And then a great longing for Annie surged over him, and he turned toward her vacant place with an agony of pain in his heart.

It happened that immediately back of the minister's pew sat Helen Risdon, a young woman with a brilliant complexion, brown eyes, and a crown of auburn hair. She had seen the shrinking, shame-faced child come in, and after one gleam of amusement felt her heart swell with pity. What a shame to mortify a little thing so! Finally, she cast about for something to divert her attention. She found a picture paper, leaned over and put it in Myrtle's hand, smiling back brightly into the forlorn little face lifted to hers.

It was at this moment that Mr. Lay looked toward his pew. When she gave her attention to the sermon he was preaching straight at old Mrs. Ashton. But in that moment a momentous thing had happened. The burdened father, yearning for his wife's help, had turned his eyes for some sign of her presence. He had seen instead—a beautiful woman comforting his little child!

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There flashed before him another scene. Helen Risdon had been Annie's dearest friend. Together they had watched her life go out. And as they sat, one on each side of the bed, the dying wife had brought their two hands together. He thought at the time it was the accident of restlessness. But—could Annie have meant——?

He lost the thread of his discourse just here—stood wondering blankly what he should do—felt it swaying toward him—clutched—missed it—pulled himself together for one superhuman effort of memory—and went on, after a pause that Mrs. Ashton said afterward was the most impressive thing she ever heard. Mr. Lay determined never, never to go into the pulpit again without a written sermon, or at least voluminous notes!

After dinner the minister took Myrtle for their accustomed walk to the cemetery. He felt anxious to be alone. And alone in this spot. Myrtle was no impediment to his thoughts. Released from the bondage of the brown gingham and basking in the sunlight of her father's doubled tenderness, she had forgotten the morning's trials, and gathered dandelions with happy abandonment.

Mr. Lay pondered long and deeply. He had been profoundly stirred by the occurrence of the morning. It was the first time that the thought of marriage had come seriously to him. He told himself now that he could not, could not think of it—his heart was with Annie.

But—was it not a duty to provide a mother for his motherless child? She was growing willful and spoiled under her grandmother's lax government. This morning's experience showed him that she needed a firm, sympathetic nature to guide her aright. And Helen's womanly face rose before him.

Then he thought of Annie's joining their hands. The dying see clearly, it is said. Could it be that Annie in that hour had foreseen the loneliness and needs of his home and meant to indicate to him what her wish would be? And if it were her wish—would he be justified in disregarding it? He sighed deeply. How impossible it would be for Annie's place ever to be filled!

But—for Myrtle's sake——

And then—did he not owe a duty to his church? He had realized in this last year that when a minister loses his wife he has lost his right arm. He ought to make some pastoral calls now, but he could not bring himself to do it alone—he had depended so upon Annie. Helen was a good talker, too.

When the Rev. Melancthon Lay's long conference with himself was over, he was decided upon one point. He would consider it. And when a widower of a year's standing gravely determines to consider this question, and there is an attractive young woman to be considered with it, the most unimaginative can hear the tinkle of marriage bells and the worldly-wise prepare for a wedding.

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Before he left the cemetery Mr. Lay reached another decision. He would give himself one month to have the matter under advisement. He would do nothing hastily. He would study Helen thoroughly, dispassionately, as a possible wife, mother, helpmate, housekeeper—for one month. At the end of that time——

Here Mr. Lay took his little daughter's hand and started home, feeling somehow much comforted. It is always a relief to have settled a point.

He began his course of study immediately. Helen was to lead the Young People's meeting that evening. He would go.

Helen Risdon was a very competent young woman. She led the meeting with a self-possession born of nothing short of an utter lack of self-consciousness.

"How she would preside at a synodical missionary meeting!" thought the young minister. Annie had been a little deficient at this point. And Synod was to meet here next fall!

The subject was Hope, and the pastor spoke beautifully and with great fervor.

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For the next week the Rev. Melancthon Lay was on a still hunt, so to speak.

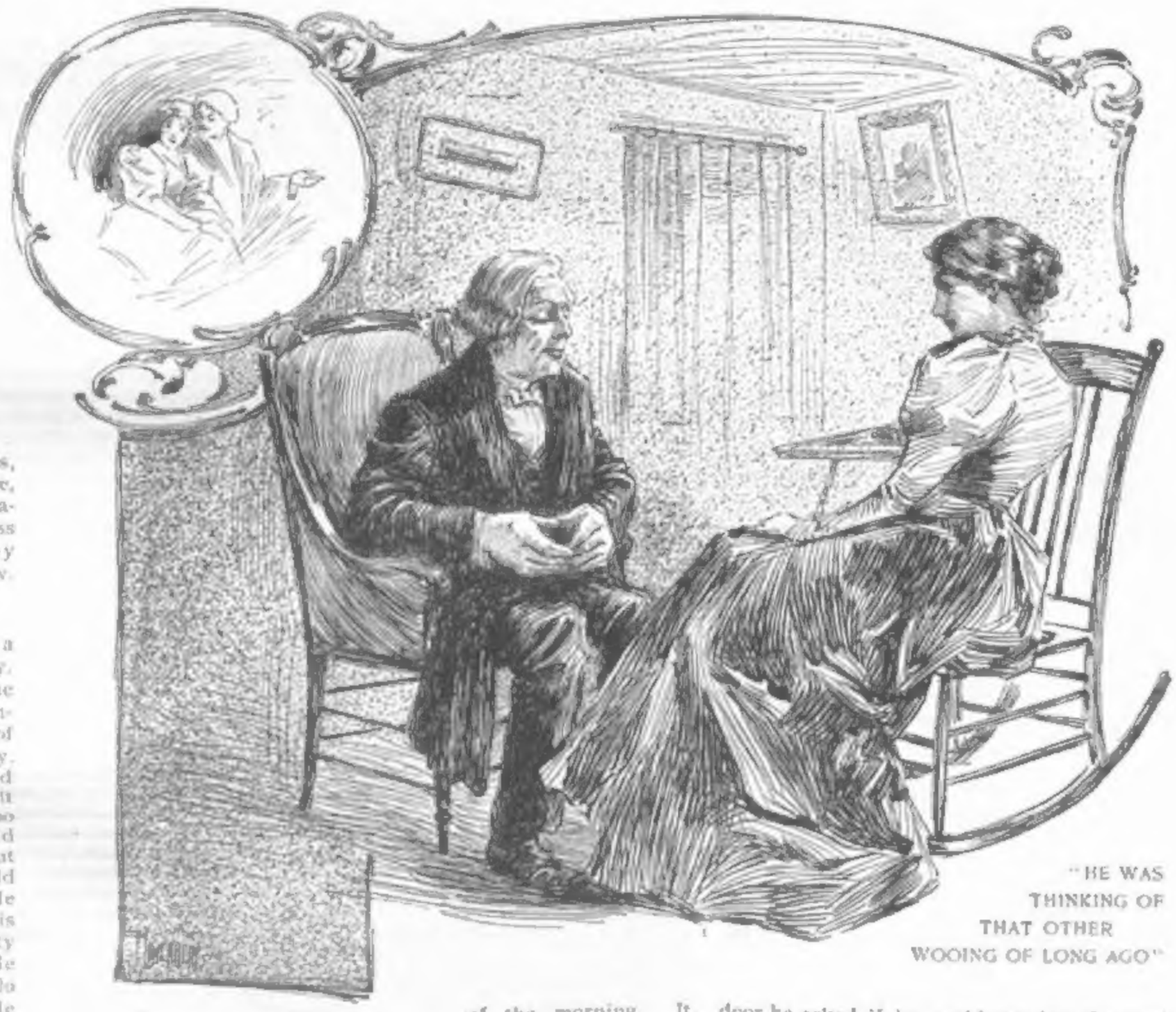
At the end of that time he was perfectly convinced that it was not worth while to consider longer. Helen's character and qualifications stood the most searching scrutiny. It would be folly to wait the month out, now that he was decided.

He went home with her from Thursday night prayer meeting. As he left her at the door he asked if he could see her the next afternoon on a most important matter.

"About the Visiting Committee?"

"No," he replied gravely, "about a matter that concerns only ourselves, but is of deep importance to me."

No woman ever misunderstands such words from a man—whatever she may say. Helen Risdon thought them over till the morning hours. She was a true woman. She had a woman's longing for man's love—for a home—for a place in the world such as only the beloved mistress of a home commands.



"HE WAS THINKING OF THAT OTHER WOOING OF LONG AGO"

She was past the first flush of womanhood. She had told herself, sometimes half jestingly, half sadly, that this happiness was not to be for her. But now—to have the love of a man like Melancthon Lay!

She knelt by her bedside then in the moonlight and thanked God for this great joy, and prayed as good women do that she might be worthy of it. Then she thought of Myrtle, and her heart overflowed with maternal tenderness.

"I'll be a good mother to her," she said softly. It was a holy vow.

The Rev. Melancthon Lay was a thoroughly honorable man. He had come to a decision in this matter after serious, prayerful reflection. He conceived it to be his duty to lay the reasons for his decision before his future wife, that they might both enter into their new estate "soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God."

He conducted his wooing as he would have conducted a debate. He told Helen, as they sat together in her sister-in-law's parlor, that he had been led by several occurrences of late to feel that he ought to marry again. In the first place (perhaps it was the clerical habit that led him to a formal enumeration, but he certainly did enumerate)—in the first place, he felt that his duty as a pastor demanded it. A minister, more than other men, needed a wife. He believed that she would be acceptable to the entire church—and he paid a tribute to her Christian character that ought to have made her heart glow with pleasure and gratitude. Somehow, it didn't.

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In the second place, he said, he needed a mother for his motherless child. He was convinced after much thought that she more than any other woman would be the one that Annie would have chosen. Then followed a brief resume of Annie's feelings toward her and an expression of his reliance upon Annie's judgment in the matter. He also spoke touchingly of his desolate home.

As to his personal feelings, he told her he thought it only just to her and to himself to say that he respected and admired her beyond any woman of his acquaintance. Further than that he could not go. The romance of his life was over—his heart was buried with Annie—he could never offer any other woman love. But if she would come to his home knowing this——

He was looking away from her, and thinking as he spoke of that other wooing years ago—when he had won Annie.

"Well?" she said in a quiet tone.

He looked up at her and finished precipitately. He began to feel nervous.

"Are you quite through?" she asked.

He felt that he was—quite through.

She was looking steadily at him, two bright spots on her cheeks, and her lips straightened to a line.

"Let me sum up this matter," she said slowly, "since it is somewhat of a business proposition. First, you need a helper in the parish;" she was counting on her fingers—"second, you need some one to take care of your child; third, you need a housekeeper. You ask me to marry you that I may fill these three needs. I believe I am correct?"

He opened his lips in indignant protest, but she swept on.

"Oh, of course you haven't put it quite so bluntly as that, but it means the same thing. Then, lest I should start in with false hopes of ever winning your love, you tell me that your heart is dead and that the romance of your life is over! Really! Isn't this a remarkable way to woo a woman? What about the romance of my life? Am I not to be considered at all?" there was a little catch in her voice then. She was recalling the tender thoughts and dreams of last night. "Is it quite just for a man who has had his romance to seek to ally himself to one who is still to have hers? Do you think a woman would be satisfied to receive her husband's caresses and know that he was thinking of another? What do you think women's hearts are like, any way?" And she faced him with red cheeks and blazing eyes.

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Mr. Lay felt almost stunned.

"I beg your pardon," he said with dignity. "I have not meant to offend you. I have paid you the highest compliment a man can pay a——"

"Compliment?" she said. "You have paid me no compliment. You have asked me to go into a loveless home and be your housekeeper. It is a business proposition, and I decline it—that's all. But if you had come to me with love—if you had wanted me, instead of my services——" Her voice trembled in spite of her, but she steadied it and went on. "Oh, I think there is nothing one could not do for love! If you had gone thus, I say, to any true woman who could have loved you in return, she might have taken you, and your motherless child—and your parish—and your work—all—all, into her heart, and brooded them, and made your home again what it once was; but—not without your real love!"

The Rev. Melancthon Lay did not lack imagination. As Helen spoke, with impassioned voice and flushing cheek, he could see in detail the picture drawn with these few bold strokes: a well-ordered home—a loving wife—congenial companionship—sympathetic help in his chosen work—tender mother-love for Myrtle; all these were in the picture which she held up before him.

And he himself had blotted it out forever!

Well! He felt crushed and hopeless.

He reached for his hat, and rose.

"It is my misfortune," he said with proud humility, "that I have failed to make myself understood. I must have said what I did very blunderingly. I meant only to be honest. I beg you will forgive—and forget—that I have spoken at all."

And this was his last word to her.

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Helen Risdon went straight to her room and locked the door. She had been sustained by her great anger. But the gentle dignity of his parting words had taken away even this prop and left her limp and nerveless.

On the bed lay her blue serge and a child's pattern and some white braid. She had been planning a dress for Myrtle Lay! As a minister's wife she would need to economize, she had thought. She gathered it up now and thrust it out of sight with a hysterical laugh that was like a sob.

"And — I meant to be such a good mother to her!" she said. Then she threw herself across the bed and buried her hot cheeks down in the pillow.

When she came downstairs, two hours later, her sister-in-law asked curiously:

"What did he come for?"

"A housekeeper," said Helen briefly.

"Well! he didn't get her?"

"No; he didn't get her here."

"Indeed, I should think not!" said Mrs. Risdon with decision, when Helen had told what he had said to her. "The idea!"

Then she bent over her work and half smiled.

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When Mr. Lay closed the door of the Risdon mansion and walked down the street, it was with a stinging sense of humiliation. He had made an honorable offer of himself in marriage and been scornfully rejected—rejected as if he had done an ignominious thing. He felt a helpless indignation rising within him at the way he had been misunderstood by her.

And yet—he had told her definitely that he could not offer her love. She had not misunderstood that. And it was true. He repeated it several times. He certainly could never love another—at least, as he had loved Annie. And if not, honor demanded that he should tell her so! Just here an uncomfortable thought crept into his mind. Perhaps a stricter sense of honor would forbid marriage at all under these circumstances. He recalled with a hot flush what she had said about its being unfair to her. He went over and over the whole conversation. And the more he thought of it the more he saw things from her point of view, and the hotter he felt.

"Well," he said to himself, desperately, at last, "I've been true to Annie, at least."

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He clung to this thought, through the weeks that followed, as his sheet-anchor. It was the only thing that prevented the utter demoralization of his self-respect.

It was inevitable that he should think much of Annie during all this trying time. Never had he felt her loss more deeply. Never had his home seemed so desolate without her. He could not sit at the table without seeing a graceful woman's form at the other end. He could not undress Myrtle and put her to bed (which he had to do all the time now, for his mother-in-law had been called to a sick daughter) without thinking of deft womanly fingers and mother-care, forever gone—forever lost.

He was sitting in his study one moonlight night after a most depressing day. His "onesomeness," as the Germans say, overpowered him. He needed her so. He went to the window and stood in the moonlight as they had so often stood together. It seemed to him that she was actually beside him, his arm around her, her head on his breast. Even this shadowy companionship comforted him. He hardly dared breathe lest she should leave him. He lifted his hand to touch the lovely, fair hair as of old.

He stopped short in shocked surprise. He glanced around involuntarily to see if anybody was looking. Then he paced the floor in agitation. A startling revelation had come to him. The head that rested on his shoulder so lovingly was auburn!

His sheet-anchor was gone—gone!

If one could only escape the reaction from anger, the anger itself would be quite endurable. One is borne up by a great passion as by a great emergency. It is when the passion is over and our words and deeds fall back heavy and lifeless upon our hearts and consciences, that the spirit begins to grovel. When we seek to justify ourselves to ourselves and cannot; when Common Sense rises to ask, "What was the use?"; when self-respect is punctured by the darts of regret and suffers collapse—then it is that Wisdom is justified of her children in declaring in favor of him that rules his own spirit.

Helen Risdon was upheld by her anger till the night watches. Then she began to toss restlessly and wonder if she had been quite womanly—if she hadn't acted hastily. He had been perfectly honorable toward her, at least. Why couldn't she have declined in a calm, dignified way? She felt that she had made herself ridiculous in his eyes—and few things are harder to bear than that.

As the days wore on her spirits sank lower and lower. She began to realize the folly of it. She loved this man. She felt in her soul that she could have won his love in return if she had had the opportunity.

Well, she had had the opportunity—and she had thrown it away. She deserved to be an old maid and always live in somebody else's house! And she thought, with a tightening of the throat, of what she might have made his home—their home. If only——

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Of course he would marry. The next woman he asked would probably have more sense than she had had. But then—and downcast as she was she could not help laughing a little at the thought—he wouldn't be apt to say to the next one what he had said to her! She had taught him a little sense, at any rate. Then she would think indignantly:

"Well, I don't care! I'd do the same thing again! The idea of a man telling a woman he wanted to marry that his heart was dead! It serves him right!"

Mr. Lay's second summer was almost over. His chance of getting through seemed fair.

"'I WANT YOU TO STAY WIV ME AND PAPA,' SHE PANTED"

They seldom met—never, except in the most casual way. Each felt compromised in the eyes of the other, and thus barred from making the slightest advance. And certainly neither wanted to make any!

But Helen Risdon never once entered the church that Mr. Lay did not see her. She came in one evening accompanied by a handsome young stranger. The minister's heart gave a jump—a remarkable jump for a dead heart! Then he spoke to himself sternly and went on reading the hymn—in a mechanical way. He was absurdly jealous.

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He had never preached better sermons than during this time. Indeed, he had thrown himself into study as his only resource. Helen listened to him and told herself she was glad to sit under the ministration of such a man any way. How proud a woman could have been of him! How long things would have gone on this way it is impossible to say, had it not been for one of those occurrences that some people call accidental, and some Providential. Mr. Lay thought it was Providential.

Helen was going past the parsonage one summer afternoon when she heard some one call. Looking around, she was greatly surprised to find it was Mr. Lay. He apparently was as much surprised as she was.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I thought it was Mrs. Strong." Mrs. Strong was the Doctor's wife and had auburn hair. "I was going to ask her to send the Doctor down."

"Is anybody sick?" asked Helen.

"Yes; Myrtle. She has a high fever, and I want the Doctor. But I can't leave her. Her grandmother is away——"

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"I'll go. Shall I send him down at once?" He hesitated. "I hate to have you go. If you would not mind staying here while——"

"Why, certainly not," she said in the most matter-of-fact tone of voice. He took her upstairs to the sick child and left her there. She looked around. They certainly needed somebody! The shades had been regulated by a man, and the sun streamed into the disordered room. Myrtle lay on the bed in a feverish doze—dressed, even to her shoes—her little face hot and dry.

Helen straightened the room with the few swift touches by which women bring order out of confusion! She darkened the room to a grateful shade, and when Myrtle awoke undressed her and bathed her hot face and hands and limbs, speaking meanwhile the sweet, soothing words that mothers always say by instinct. There are spiritual mothers as well as mothers of the flesh.

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When Mr. Lay opened the door, Myrtle, clothed in a fresh gown, lay in Helen's arms.

It was like a picture of the Madonna!

He drew his chair up close to her, and they talked together about what was to be done and what the Doctor said. Mr. Lay looked around at the changed room, and Helen blushed—she hardly knew why.

She started after a little to give the child to him. But Myrtle clung to her.

"I don't want you to go, Aunt Helen," she said. "I want you to stay at our house all the time—don't you, papa?"

"Grandma'll come back soon," said Helen hurriedly.

"I don't want grandma back. I want you to stay wiv me and papa," she panted. "And papa does, too. Don't you, papa?"

Helen was in an agony of confusion.

"I do, indeed, little daughter!"

"Now, Aunt Helen! I told you he did! Papa, can't you get her to stay?"

Mr. Lay had been bending over them, ready to take the child. He sat down now and took Helen's hand in a masterful clasp.

"I'll try!" he said. And he did.

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The Royal Road to Happiness

"DURING my whole life I have not had twenty-four hours of happiness." So said one of the greatest statesmen of the century, Prince Bismarck, who has just passed away. Eighty-three years of wealth, fame, honors, power, influence, prosperity, and triumph—years when he held an Empire in his fingers—but not one day of happiness!

Happiness has a number of understudies that imitate it cleverly in many phases, but none equals it. Gratification may be defined as a partial harmony between our desires and our possessions. But it is not happiness.

Satisfaction is perfect harmony between our desires and our possessions. As soon as our desires outrun our possessions, satisfaction ceases. Man might have every wish in the world gratified, and yet he might not be happy. Happiness is not a matter of *having;* it is one of *being*.

Content, a greatly overrated virtue, is a kind of diluted despair; it is the feeling with which we continue to accept "substitutes" for what we want.

Content makes the trained individual swallow vinegar and try to smack his lips as if it were wine. Content enables one to warm his hands at the fire of a past joy that exists only in memory. Content makes the world more comfortable for the individual, but it is not a vital factor in real progress. Man should be contented with each step of progress as a station, discontented with it as a destination; contented with it as a step, discontented with it as a finality.

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But content is not happiness, neither is pleasure. Pleasure is temporary, happiness is continuous; pleasure is a note, happiness is a symphony; pleasure may exist when conscience utters protests; happiness—never.

Man is the only animal that can be happy; to the rest of the animal creation belong merely the possibility of the understudies just noted.

Happiness represents a peaceful harmony of our life with an ideal, with a standard of living. It is a mental and moral quality. It comes from within; it is not dependent on environment. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy.

Happiness never comes to the individual who makes the attainment of it a personal ideal. Happiness can never be made by the individual, by himself, for himself. It is one of the incidental by-products of an unselfish life. You can buy pleasure, but Nature never puts happiness on the bargain-counter. It is the undetachable accompaniment of true living. It is calm and peaceful; it never coexists with worry or unsatisfied struggle.

The basis of happiness is the love of something outside self. Search every instance of happiness in the world, and you will find, when all the incidental features are eliminated, there is always the constant, unchangeable element of love—love of parent for child; love of man and woman for each other; love of humanity in some form.

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Happiness is the voice of optimism, of faith, of simple, steadfast love. No cynic or pessimist can be really happy. A cynic is an individual who is morally near-sighted. He sees the evil in his own heart and thinks he sees the world. An incurable cynic is a man who should long for death, for death might bring him happiness—life cannot. The keynote to Bismarck's lack of happiness was his profound distrust of human nature.

There is a royal road to happiness; it lies in consecration, concentration, conquest and conscience.

Consecration is dedicating the individual life to the service of others, to some noble mission, to realizing some unselfish ideal.

Concentration makes the individual life simpler and deeper, cuts away from the shams and pretenses of modern living, and limits life to its truest essentials.

Conquest is the overcoming of an evil habit, the rising superior to environment, the spiritual exaltation that comes from some triumph over the performance of duties.

Conscience is taken as the mentor, the guide and compass; and its approval is made the highest earthly tribune.

If the individual should set out for a single day to give happiness, to make life happier, brighter and sweeter, not for himself, but for others, he would find a wondrous revelation of what happiness really is. The greatest of the world's heroes could not by any series of acts of heroism do as much real good as any individual living his whole life in seeking, from day to day, to make others happy.

Each day there should be fresh resolution, new strength and renewed enthusiasm. "Just for to-day" might be the daily motto of thousands of societies throughout the country, composed of members bound together to make the world better through constant little deeds of kindness, constant acts of sweetness and love. And happiness would come to them, in its highest and best form, not because they would seek to *absorb* it, but because they seek to *radiate* it.

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The Tonic of Success

THE country has never faced more perplexing questions than those which it faces to-day; and it is not insensible of the difficulties which surround wise decision. Nevertheless, the country is in a more buoyant temper than it has been for years past. For several decades it has been turning the searchlight of criticism upon its achievements and its condition; it had become intensely conscious of its shortcomings in many directions; during the last few years it has been drifting without real leadership through confused currents of opinion and feeling.

When the war broke out there was a widespread feeling of discouragement in the country, which manifested itself in commercial timidity and distrust, and in a vague but very debilitating depression. The guns in Manila harbor aroused the country as from a lethargy; and every successive achievement not only stirred its imagination but gave it heart. The spell of lassitude has been broken; something has been done, and done with splendid effectiveness. There are grave abuses to be removed and important reforms to be carried through before our political life gains the integrity and efficiency which our Navy manifestly possesses; but there is now a rising hope for better things, a growing confidence in the future.

We have never lacked a certain kind of National self-satisfaction, but we have never before had so well-grounded a faith in our ability to deal with the problems of our National life. We shall probably talk less about our National greatness and think about it more seriously. After years of questioning, doubting and distrusting we have done something well; and a strong deed is the best of tonics. Such deeds are like a movement of fresh air on a sultry day—they bring life and hope with them. They bring also a sturdiness and a steadiness of temper.

There is little danger that we shall be intoxicated by our successes; we will be sobered by them. For they bring in their train responsibilities which will force us to think calmly and to act deliberately. The English Government is the coolest and most clear-headed of all Governments, because England is loaded with such vast responsibilities. Her Government cannot be swayed by emotion or swept out of its course by passion, because so much depends upon its decisions. England is steadied by the load she carries. In like manner we shall gain steadiness by the weight of the duties and obligations which success has imposed upon us. We have regained confidence, but we may lose some of our youthful assurance.

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The One-Sided Generosity of the Nation

THE moral standard of a nation, like that of an individual, is usually judged by its acts. But judgment from works alone, without consideration of the motives and impulses behind those works, is apt to be unjust. The United States to-day occupies a peculiar position in the eyes of the world. Our war with Spain was a war of humanity. This was the spirit with which our soldiers and sailors fought, and when victory was theirs it was eminently proper that they should be generous with their defeated foes. But the conduct of the soldiers and sailors aroused so much praise abroad that a certain portion of the American people carried the generosity principle too far. They hailed a defeated foe as a conquering hero. In their almost unconscious hunger for praise this class of Americans changed humanity to vainglory and generosity to selfishness. In effect, they said to the world: "You thought us generous before: what can you say now?"

This class of people is unrepresentative of American big-heartedness. We tried to be as generous to our foes as the law of war would permit. For that we ask, we expect, we need no praise. As soon would a man expect the applause and approval of his friends for any deed of common courtesy. But let him give to the poor and help the needy merely for the sake of being called a generous man, and his vaunted generosity has shriveled into the meanest kind of selfishness. America is too sturdy, too honest to stoop to cater to Europe's approval. She will never be generous to her foes and forget her defenders. Men in authority may impeach one another's conduct of affairs, but the great American public is calmly watching events, and when once the silence of a long-suffering people is broken nothing can save the object of that people's righteous indignation.

When the eyes are closed, it is impossible to discriminate between a piece of ice and a red hot coal if either be pressed against the bare arm. To Americans at home the gratitude of the nation to its defenders seems red hot; to the soldiers in the field the nation's gratitude seems most icy. The newspapers cannot speak highly enough of the bravery of our men in the recent war, yet the soldiers lie dying of fever and starvation.

As another example of the gratitude the Government feels, bravery is acknowledged publicly, and many are advanced; but Captain Charles E. Clark, of the Oregon, for sickness incurred in the service, is reduced $1100 annually in pay, and because that illness was so serious that he could not even be put on "waiting orders" the nation shows its gratitude by reducing his pay $700 additional. Ice and ember feel very similar.

National and individual gratitude is too often a mere matter of sentiment unaccompanied by action. It is commonly said: "I can't begin to express my gratitude to you for this act." Perhaps not. But we can express gratitude for that act to some one else. We feel grateful to the men who laid down their lives in this war, but gratitude to the dead should find expression in care for the living. True gratitude does not live in the past; it acts in the present. The President sends letters of commendation to the soldiers; but the condition of the camps is little improved. The fault lies in the fact that the nation and the individual feel gratitude but do not act gratitude. When a young man once told a Quaker how sorry he felt for a starving child, the Quaker said: "Yes; but did thee feel sorry in the right place? Did thee feel in thy pocket?"

The gratitude of a nation is unsubstantial food to a starving man. The gratitude which will refuse to elevate one hero at the expense of an equally brave hero; which will return the men safe and sound, which will see to it that they obtain employment, which will care for those whom the war has widowed and orphaned—that is the kind of gratitude which expresses vastly more of the heartfelt thankfulness of the nation than all the promotions, all the engrossed resolutions, all the "honorable mentions" of Congress.

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The Real Causes Behind Great Events

SPANISH misrule in Cuba has found no Anglo-Saxon defenders; its record is too black and has been too prolonged. On trial for four hundred years, no special features of it have ever been able to redeem or excuse the whole record. But, with that warlike isle now restored to what we all must hope will prove to be a state of permanent tranquillity, we may expect to know the causes of discontent there—at least, in our time. It need surprise no one to find that exorbitant taxation, autocratic rule and a system of antiquated administration upheld by the sword do not tell the whole story. Other causes have been at work—causes not of Spain's making, it is true, and yet causes for which Spain deserves blame, in that she has never understood how to neutralize them.

Cuba, along with States outside her domain, has felt the fall in prices. The world's competition has laid siege at her door, and the prices of her products have gone down. Europe has produced great quantities of beet sugar, and in consequence cane sugar has sold lower. Asia Minor, parts of Europe and some of the American States have grown more and better tobacco; Cuba has felt that competition also. Before the recent rebellion, travelers in Cuba who kept their eyes open saw that trade was prospering far less than formerly. Economic changes had taken place. New and lower prices ruled the market. Taxation meanwhile had not declined and yet profits seriously went down. Suffering thus between an upper and a nether millstone, the average unthinking Cuban laid all the blame at one door—Spanish misrule.

In this view there is something more than fine theory. In the first place, facts are on its side, and in the second, history. Many historians have pictured great crises in human affairs—civil wars, insurrections, colonizations, reformations—as the results of popular upheavals in behalf of an idea. We are assured that men have overturned religious systems, have dethroned Kings, have settled new worlds, and created new states—all because of stern faith in ideas they believed to be everlastingly right. But far back of these convictions there have often lain causes that were purely economic—a desire to save one's property or to increase one's property; to escape burdensome taxation, or otherwise to better one's condition. More and more as we understand the French Revolution, the settlement of what are now the United States, the war with George III, and even our own Civil War, economic causes force themselves with attentive care. But they can usually be discovered in any crisis, lying deep and silent down under the glowing words of the orator, the pageants historians describe, the march of armies, the thunder and cries of battle-fields.

MARK TWAIN'S MAXIMS

Man is the only animal that blushes.

It is more trouble to make a maxim than it is to do right.

"Classic." A book which people praise and don't read.

Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economize it.

He was as shy as a newspaper is when referring to its own merits.

Nothing is so ignorant as a man's left hand, except a lady's watch.

By trying we can easily learn to endure adversity—another man's, I mean.

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

There are several good protections against temptations, but the surest is cowardice.

Let us not be too particular. It is better to have second-hand diamonds than none.

Each person is born to one possession which outvalues all his others—his last breath.

The English are mentioned in the Bible; Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

To succeed in the other trades, capacity must be shown; in the law, concealment of it will do.

Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.

Names are not always what they seem. The common Welsh name, Bzjxxllwep, is pronounced Jackson.

There isn't a parallel of latitude but thinks it would have been the equator if it had had its rights.

There are people who can do all fine and heroic things but one: keep from telling their happiness to the unhappy.

Let us be grateful to Adam, our benefactor. He cut us out of the "blessing" of idleness and won for us the "curse" of labor.

The timid man yearns for full value and asks a tenth. The bold man strikes for double value and compromises on par.

It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress.

The old saw says, "Let a sleeping dog lie." Right. Still, when there is much at stake it is better to get a newspaper to do it.

There is no such thing as "the Queen's English." The property has gone into the hands of a joint stock company and we own the bulk of the shares!

There are those who scoff at the schoolboy, calling him frivolous and shallow. Yet it was the schoolboy who said "Faith is believing what you know ain't so."

It is by the goodness of God that in our country we have those three unspeakably precious things: freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practice either of them.

We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it—and stop there—lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove-lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove-lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more.

EDITOR'S NOTE—These maxims by Mark Twain are the first of a series of six papers on The Wisdom of American Humorists, giving the essence of their reflections on men and life given in epigrams. The epigrams by Mr. Clemens are taken from Puddinhead Wilson's New Calendar in his latest book of travel, Following the Equator. Published by the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

THE PASSING OF POPE LEO XIII

THE AGED TENANT OF THE VATICAN

NO VISITOR to the Imperial City thinks he has seen all there is of interest in Rome unless he has been able to look upon the face of the Pope. But the number of those who have seen Leo XIII is comparatively small. It may be imagined, then, with what delight we received an invitation to attend a mass at which the Pope himself would officiate.

When we arrived in the vast square of Saint Peter's the morning sun was bathing the lofty dome in gold, and the two great fountains within the circle of the colonnade were throwing their flashing waters high in the sultry air. Our carriage made the circuit of Saint Peter's and landed us in the inner court of Saint Damasus. We ascended story after story of the magnificent marble staircase leading to the Pope's apartments, and were met at the entrance by the High Chamberlain. On either side the soldiers of the Swiss Guard were drawn up, with their picturesque costume and mediæval halberds. But we hurried past them to the private chapel of the Pope.

As we entered the Guard Room the officers and guard arose to receive the High Chamberlain. Attendants clad in rich costumes took our hats and tickets of invitation and we passed into the little chapel. Others were there before us, but they were all absorbed in their devotions and did not notice us.

We were ushered to seats about in the middle of the room, and they proved to be excellent, for we could see the Pope throughout the entire celebration. He had not yet entered, but was still at his private devotions. We had not long to wait, however. Soon there was a slight commotion. Every one knelt, and there before the altar stood a figure clad in white, with his right hand sprinkling holy water upon the assembly. The most prominent feature of this head of the Catholic church as he stood before us was his sharp, piercing eyes, which seemed to defy the touch of time. His face was alabaster in its whiteness, but the effect was undoubtedly increased by the whiteness of his robe.

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His mouth, though large and firm, had a kindly expression. His shoulders were slightly bent and a circle of snow-white hair was visible beneath the white berretta or skull cap which he wore. Every movement of this old man was exceedingly graceful.

At first his voice was scarcely audible, but it became fuller as he proceeded. He spoke in a slow, measured way, and every word was pronounced most distinctly. But it was evident to us that the service was a severe tax on his failing strength.

When he administered the communion he presented his soft, white hand to be kissed by each recipient.

After the celebration of the mass and the administration of the communion, an armchair was brought, and the privileged ones knelt at his feet and received a blessing, reverently kissing the hand extended toward them for that purpose.

It is popularly believed that church etiquette demands the kissing of the Pope's embroidered slipper, but at these morning receptions he seldom allows any one to bend down and perform that act.

When we were presented the Pope was delighted to learn that we were Americans, and asked several questions in French which showed that he was fully conversant with matters in the United States. But through it all he looked tired and worn, although the daily round of his labors was scarcely begun. After receiving his blessing, the audience was ended and we returned to our carriage.

In spite of the many beauties of the Vatican the rooms in which the Pope lives are few and severely plain, and his meals are, according to the law of the church, eaten alone. His life is rigidly systematic, and has followed the same lines for the past twenty years. It is to this regularity that the health and long life of the Pope is due.

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He rises at five o'clock in summer and six in winter. His toilet occupies half an hour, after which he passes an hour in prayer and meditation as a preparation for mass. He then celebrates an early mass himself, and hears one. After giving an audience to whomever may be awaiting him, he takes breakfast in the breakfast room, which is near his private chapel, and this meal consists of black coffee and a roll; nothing more.

This eaten, the Pope withdraws to his private study, where an enormous correspondence awaits him. This library looks out over the piazza of Saint Peter's, and is Leo's favorite room. It is lined with well-filled bookcases of white and gold. In this room he receives the reports of secretaries, and either dictates answers to letters or writes a few words on the back of unimportant letters and hands them to a secretary to answer.

The Pope's study should not be confounded with the library of the Vatican; this latter is one of the matchless treasures of the Pope's palace. It is said to contain at the present time nearly 25,000 manuscripts, and the importance of these books makes this library one of the most valuable in existence. The room in which these priceless books are kept is gaudily painted; on the floor stand brightly painted cupboards which contain the mass of manuscripts.

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Among the treasures of this room are the famous Terence, several famous Virgils, and the world-famous manuscript of the Greek Bible, the well-known Codex Vaticanus. On the floor are arranged some of the presents given to the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee. Along the walls are cases filled with countless and almost inestimable treasures which belong to the Pope.

Of late the spirit of improvement has penetrated into the Vatican, and in winter all the principal rooms are heated by furnaces, and the vast structure is now being fitted with electric lights.

In this latter improvement the Pope is said to be intensely interested, and every morning he manages to find time to watch the workmen putting in the motors. After a short stroll promptly at nine o'clock he takes a cup of broth, and then gives audience to Cardinal Rampolla, his Secretary of State. With him are discussed all problems regarding the government of the church and the relations it sustains with the various Governments.

He also at this time receives Ambassadors, Bishops and deputations from various parts of the world. The auditor of the Pope's palace makes his report. From eleven o'clock till noon audience after audience is given to pilgrims, and also to the various dignitaries of the church.

At noon the Pope retires for a walk in the Vatican gardens, during the cool season. In summer, of course, this exercise is postponed until the cool of the evening.

He is carried in a sedan chair to the gate of the Vatican, where a carriage awaits him. After driving several times around the avenues, the officer of guards dismounts and opens the carriage door and the Pope walks about for a short distance. The carriage in which he rides is a simple brougham with the Papal coat-of-arms painted on the panels.

He is attended on this walk by two Cardinals and several of the officers of his household, called Camerieri, who are laymen. The Pope wears a cloak of red silk, made of lamb's wool and lined with purple silk. Over the cloak there is a red cape, and both trimmed with a narrow gold bullion border. He wears a red cap, the sides of which are held up by a fine gold tassel; his feet are covered with silk hose, over which are an outer pair of shoes and thin slippers.

The Palazzina, the Pope's favorite summer residence, lies due north of Saint Peter's dome, within the grounds of the Vatican, beyond which he has never stepped his foot since he became Pontiff. When the summer's heat is excessive the Pope spends the entire day in the gardens. There he receives as he would in the Vatican, and often does not return again until after sunset.

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Near Du Palazzina is the cascade formed by the waters brought from Lake Bracciano. Two canals lead from the basin of this cascade, one of which supplies the monumental fountain of San Pietro in Montorio. The other canal supplies the water for the Vatican gardens, and has an outlet where water-power once ran the Papal mint. It is in this building that the electric motors are being set up, and ere long the entire Vatican and its gardens will be lighted by electricity.

At two o'clock the Pope dines very simply and frugally. After this whatever time he may find is devoted to literary pursuits, the drawing up of instructions, the writing of bulls, etc. After spending an hour or two over State papers the Pope says the divine office for the day, and gives more audiences to foreign Ministers and noted visitors.

SISTINE CHAPEL—
THE VATICAN

LIBRARY—
THE VATICAN

In the afternoon, when possible, he takes another short stroll through the Vatican to enjoy the growing plants and flowers, in which he is especially interested.

The gardens of the Vatican consist of 400 acres, and are more interesting from historical associations than from any present beauty. Among the works of antiquity which they contain are two bronze peacocks which were found in Hadrian's tomb, and the pedestal of the column of Antoninus Pius, from the Forum.

At nine o'clock he eats his third meal of the day, which is as simple and plain as the other meals—a little wine and water and some fruit. Then, after prayers, he is supposed to retire to rest. But he has often been found by his faithful old valet in the morning, with his head on his work-table, where sheer fatigue had brought refreshing sleep.

His room is simply and scantily furnished, and what rest he manages to get is barely sufficient to restore the forces of exhausted

Nature. In this respect only are his habits of life irregular, and yet it is a most important respect for one so old.

Every day in the week and every hour in the day has its appointed labor. And Leo XIII has followed this routine of life with absolute exactness for the past twenty years.

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The life of a Pope—at least, the life of the present Pope—is not one of indolent ease, and many things have happened of late to cause him much mental uneasiness.

For one thing, our war with Spain distressed him sorely. He greatly desired to avoid a clash between America and the most catholic of all countries, Spain, and did all in his power to avert hostilities. But he must have recognized that a conflict was inevitable; that America could not stand idly by and witness such scenes of inhumanity at her very doors.

It is said that he earnestly prayed that death might spare his seeing a war between Spain and the United States. But he has lived to see it not only begun but ended.

While that cloud has been swept away, another cloud lowers in the present threatening attitude of political and social Italy. The Pope is not blind to the fact that the growing discontent among the Italians, as shown in the bread riots, must inevitably affect the power of the Papacy. On more than one occasion the Vatican has been menaced, and it is not impossible that the present troubles may result in the Pope being compelled to seek a refuge outside of Italy.

So the closing years of Pope Leo's life are not years of peace, and the problems which he is facing are becoming more and more complicated. This venerable old man, now entering upon his eighty-ninth year, will scarcely be able to cope with them, and upon his successor will fall a mantle of troubles much heavier than will be the honors.

Throughout his Pontificate Leo XIII has proved a wise and able leader of the church, and it is the hope of the civilized world that, when it shall become necessary to choose a successor, one will be found who will be Leo's equal in purity of life and broad-mindedness.

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The history of the present Pope's life has been marked by a series of noteworthy achievements. He descended from an old patrician family and is the son of Count Ludovico Pecci. He was born at Carpineto, in Italy, on March 2, 1810. His mother, who was a direct descendant of Cola di Rienzi, "the last of the tribunes," always called him Vincenzo, the first of his baptismal names; but later, at the termination of his studies, he himself began to use his second name, Gioacchino.

When Vincenzo was eight years of age his father sent him, along with his elder brother, to the Jesuit College of Viterbo. There he studied under a man of wide learning and laid the foundation of his intellectual career. Vincenzo's mother died when he was but fourteen, and he was sent to Rome, where he was under an uncle's care, and took up his residence in an apartment of the palace of the Marchese Muti.

The young Pecci was a brilliant student, and at the age of twelve or thirteen could with ease write Latin verse or prose. In November, 1824, he entered the schools of the Collegio Romano, which were at that time restored to the Jesuits.

Three years later he took up the study of mathematics, and signalized himself by his assiduity and talent. When only eighteen years old he won the first premium in physico-chemistry. Then he passed on to a course in philosophy, in which he likewise distinguished himself. While studying philosophy Pecci was intrusted, despite his youth, with giving repetitions in philosophy to the students of the German College.

In his third year of philosophy he sustained a public disputation and obtained the first premium. In 1831, when he was but twenty-one, he obtained the "laurea" in philosophy.

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While in Rome, Pecci was devoted to his study, and took no part in the amusements of the day. Having entered the College of Noble Ecclesiastics, Pecci, then Abbate Pecci, frequented the schools of the Roman University to ground himself thoroughly in canon and civil law. He became a great favorite with Pope Gregory XVI, and was named by him a prelate of the household.

As delegate successively at Benevento, Spoleto and Perugia he displayed great energy in the government of these provinces, and was especially vigorous and successful in putting down brigandage. In 1841, though but thirty-three years of age, he was made Archbishop of Dalmatia, and sent to Brussels as Papal Nuncio.

In 1846 Gregory selected Pecci for the dignity of Cardinal, but his friendly plans for the young Archbishop were frustrated by his own death. But about four months previous to the Pope's death Pecci was nominated Bishop of Perugia.

Gregory was succeeded by Pius IX, who, recognizing the worth of Pecci, proclaimed him a Cardinal on December 19, 1853. For some reason Cardinal Pecci had won the ill-will of the all-powerful Cardinal Antonelli, and was accordingly not especially prominent in papal councils.

But in spite of this, in 1877 Pius IX selected Pecci to fill the important office of Cardinal Camerlingo of the Roman Church. In that position, after the death of Pius, in February, 1878, he acted as head of the church in temporal matters, made arrangements for the last solemn obsequies of the Pontiff, received the Ambassadors, and exercised general supervision over the conclave. Sixty-two Cardinals attended the conclave, which met in the Sistine Chapel, and the Camerlingo Pecci was elected Pope by acclamation.

The news was officially proclaimed to the world, from the gallery of Saint Peter's, at quarter past one o'clock, on Monday, February 18, 1878, and it was then announced that the successor of Pius IX had assumed the name of Leo XIII. On March 3 he was crowned in the Sistine Chapel, all the ancient ceremonies being observed save the benediction on the city and the world, from the loggia of Saint Peter's.

For more than twenty years Leo XIII has guarded the interests of the Roman Catholic church. He continued to hold the antagonistic attitude of Pius IX toward the Italian crown, and at first patterned his conduct after that of his predecessor. But acute observers claim that Leo XIII has a far more comprehensive grasp and larger liberality than was intellectually possible to his sincere and estimable predecessor.

The length of his reign has been remarkable; but a fortune teller once predicted that he would live to see ninety years.

The present Pope is undisputedly one of the leading Latinists of the day, and is an accomplished writer of prose and verse. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who is an Italian by education and residence, says:

"He is indeed a man who could not easily change either his habits nor his opinions; for he is of that enduring, melancholic, slow-speaking, hard-thinking temperament which makes hard workers, and in which everything tends directly to hard work as a prime object, even with persons in whose existence necessary labor need play no part, and far more so with those whose little daily tasks hew history out of humanity in the rough state. For he is a great Pope. There has not been his equal intellectually for a long time, nor shall we presently see his match again."

HOW A POPE IS CHOSEN

THE WORK OF THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS

WHILE the reports concerning the improved health of the present Pope are reassuring, it is evident to the most sanguine that the long reign of Leo XIII is fast nearing its close. Already the intricate machinery of choosing his successor has been set in motion, and the various envoys of the Vatican have been recalled to Rome.

On the death of the Pope the Camerlingo, or Chamberlain, who has charge of the secular interests of the Papacy, becomes a most important personage. He ordinarily ranks as one of the four chief officers of the Pope, and is always chosen from the College of Cardinals.

During a vacancy in the Holy See he takes charge of all the temporal affairs and presides over the apostolic chamber or palace.

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Upon the death of the Pope it devolves upon the Camerlingo to prove that life is absolutely extinct. This he does by tapping the Pope three times on the head with a silver mallet, each time calling him by name. If no answer is received, he then draws from the finger of the dead Pope the signet ring of Saint Peter, known as the "Ring of the Fisher" because there is graven upon it the figure of the Apostle drawing from the sea the net full of fishes. After this, he announces to the College of Cardinals that the Pope is dead.

It has always been the custom to elect the successor in the line of Saint Peter within ten days following the death of the Pope, but in the case of Pio Nono, Leo's predecessor, it was thought best to provide that the election may be held at any time, even outside of Rome. This was made necessary by the attitude of the Roman Government.

It was further provided then that any attempt at interference on the part of the Royalists would annul the proceedings, and these provisions still hold good.

The choice of the man who will succeed to the ecclesiastical honors of the aged Leo rests entirely with the College of Cardinals, which at present numbers seventy.

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On the night preceding the tenth day after the Pope's death, all the Cardinals are summoned, by a bell thrice rung, from the cell-like rooms in the Vatican which they have occupied since their arrival in Rome. From this moment until the result of the voting is announced they can have no communication save with the Vatican officials. Their clothing and even their food is searched, lest they contain communications from friends without which would influence the choice.

The meeting of the College for the choice of a Pope is called a conclave, from the fact that the Cardinals are locked in together. The door of the room in which the Cardinals meet is locked twice on the outside by the Prince Marshal and twice on the inside by the Camerlingo. But the Cardinals are not the only ones allowed in the conclave, although they alone possess the right to vote. Each Cardinal is permitted to bring with him a Chaplain and two attendants.

On the day of the election the college assembles in the famous Sistine Chapel early in the forenoon, and a mass is celebrated by the Dean of the college. A violet silk curtain is hung across the hall, and along the walls are ranged the elevated seats or thrones of the Cardinals, each seat being covered with a somewhat elaborate canopy which can be raised or lowered at will.

In the centre of the room is a large table, and in front of each Cardinal's chair is a table with writing materials. Before proceeding with the election the chapel is thoroughly searched to make sure that no intruders are present. Preliminaries being settled, the balloting begins. Three inspectors of election are first chosen by ballot.

The first to vote is the Dean of the college, who takes a slip of paper eight inches long and four inches wide and writes upon it the name of his candidate. This he folds, and seals it at both ends, and folds it again in the middle. Then he advances to the altar on which are two silver bowls. The ballot is held up between the finger and thumb, and the Cardinal kneels and takes solemn oath that he chooses the person whose name he has written on the paper; then he drops the ballot in the bowl nearest his desk. All the Cardinals follow the Dean in the order of their rank as members of the college.

MONSEIGNEUR SATOLLI

WHO WILL PERHAPS BE THE NEXT POPE

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If two-thirds of the Cardinals present fail to agree on one person, the ballots, together with wet straw, are burned, in order that the people outside may know that no choice has been made. The burning of the ballots closes the session, and the conclave then adjourns until the evening of that day.

During the time intervening between the close of the first session and the opening of the evening session for the taking of the second ballot, an opportunity is given to the Cardinals representing foreign Powers to state whatever serious objections may exist against any candidate, and these objections are duly considered by the other Cardinals.

In the evening session the voting is continued along the same lines as in the morning. When the necessary two-thirds vote is secured a bell is rung and the successful candidate announced. All the senior Cardinals then advance to the place occupied by the newly chosen Pontiff, and inquire if he is willing to accept the new position.

If he signifies his willingness, as is usually the case, he gives himself a new name, and all the canopies of the other Cardinals are lowered except his, to signify that whereas all before were of equal rank they now acknowledge the loyalty to the new head of the church.

The newly elected Pope then dons the white Pontifical vestments, and the Camerlingo approaches him and places on his finger a new "Ring of the Fisher," the old one having been broken to pieces according to the time-honored custom. After pronouncing his blessing "on the city and the world," the new Pope begins preparations for the imposing ceremonial of the coronation.

At the time of the election of the present Pope three ballots were taken, the third showing that, out of a total of sixty-two votes, forty-four were cast in favor of the Bishop of Perugia. The moment the result became known, Cardinal Francis, the defeated candidate, threw himself on his knees before the Camerlingo, proclaiming him Pope and beseeching his blessing upon himself.

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Pecci took the name of Leo XIII, and settled down to the administration of his office on the broad, liberal, and statesmanlike lines which have dignified his entire tenure of the trusts of the Roman Church.

The appearance of the present Pope at the time of his installation is thus described by the Abbé Vidieu, his biographer: "The new Bishop of Rome is tall and spare, with a grand, patrician air. He has a magnificent head, crowned with white hair, strongly marked features, the aspect of an ascetic, with something marblelike in the general appearance of the figure. His face is lighted by a piercing look, and his amiable and paternal smile goes straight to the heart of those whom he addresses. His voice is sonorous and very pleasing, though less mellow and more powerful than that of Pius IX. The day after his election he was asked why he took the name of Leo, and he replied: 'Because Leo XII was the benefactor of my family, but also because Leo signifies lion, and the virtue which seems to me the most necessary of all is the force of the lion.'"

In spite of the repeated denials as to the rapidly failing health of Leo XIII, conferences have recently been held at Rome which would indicate that the selection of his successor is already engaging the attention of the chief dignitaries of the church. By whom he will be succeeded is a matter of speculation.

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Cardinal Rampolla, the present Pope's Secretary, possesses rare powers of statesmanship, and would make a worthy successor of Leo XIII, while his selection of Cardinal Satolli to be his representative in America would seem to indicate that the Pope would die content if he felt assured that Satolli would be the next to occupy the Pontifical chair. It is the opinion of the American branch of the church that Satolli stands an excellent chance, and the sending of that Cardinal on such an important mission as this, and his masterful handling of his commission, must strengthen him, not only in the opinion of the Cardinals, but of the church in general.

But judging from present appearances the election of the successor of Leo XIII promises to be of unusual interest. Indications point to the fact that several of the Old World Powers intend to interfere, and revive claims to the old veto power. Indeed, the Italian Government talks openly of assuming control of the affairs of the Vatican on the death of the present Pope. And it is asserted that when Pope Leo breathes his last the Government officials will attach the Italian seal to all the doors and receptacles of papers in the Vatican and to all property belonging to the dead Pontiff.

But the church has not been blind to this threatened state of affairs, and it is not improbable that immediately upon Leo's death all the Cardinals in Rome will assemble and decide when and where the next conclave shall be held. If the Italian Government attempts to carry its threat into effect, these Cardinals will undoubtedly proceed at once to elect a Pope, without waiting the customary ten days.

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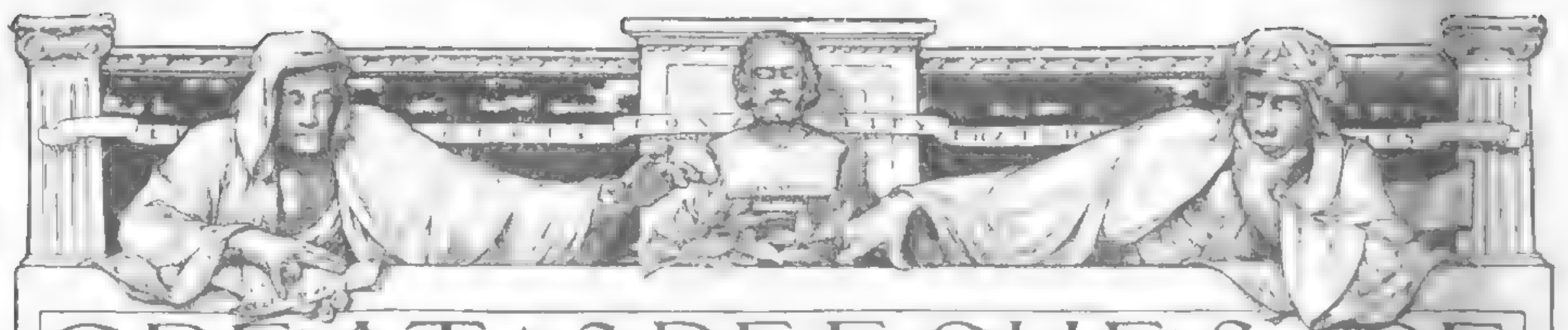
The reason for this proposed action on the part of the Italian Government lies in the fact that the very life of State depends on the next Pope. The Crown has looked upon the Vatican as the headquarters of its enemies, and has determined that the succession shall devolve on a Pontiff friendly to Italy.

The secret of the temporal power of the Pope in Italy lies in the fact that he controls sixty per cent. of the Parliamentary electorate, which has hitherto refrained entirely from voting. Now, if an unfriendly Pope should bid this constituency cast its influence against the Crown, the Italian Government as at present constituted would fall in ruins. To a large extent the same is true in Germany and Austria. So that the passing of Leo XIII and the choosing of a new Pope are not merely matters concerning the Roman Catholic Church, but are matters of great political interest, and may materially change the history of Europe and the world.



THE OBLIGATIONS OF WEALTH

By HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON

IN CHOOSING for my theme The Obligations of Wealth, I am not wresting [illegible] anniversary from its legitimate [illegible] We do not [illegible] forget [illegible] and to forget [illegible] Washington, when we reflect upon [illegible] obligations to the State. His life teaches no lesson more strongly than that [illegible] citizen by his very acceptance of citizenship is under obligations to serve the State, never to shirk his full share of burden [illegible] sacrifice but rather to do more

We live in a time of great [illegible] a war of clashing thoughts [illegible] There is a feeling that some men are hard [illegible] and that the race is sold [illegible] that the [illegible] and much vaunted equality of [illegible] and of right has been subm[illegible] bitter and threatening things are being said [illegible] and written against accumulated p[illegible] and corporate power that ever be[illegible] is said that, more and more, small [illegible] stores and small factories are being thrown upon the shore as inanimate drift; that the pursuit of cheapness has reached [illegible] here only enormous combinations [illegible] long an enormous business, are sure of returns. The demand [illegible] strikes a death blow to [illegible] line of business, and has combined capital and consolidated small enterprises

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It has been found that many items of expense do not increase proportionately with an increased output; that the expenses of a vast business are themselves a basis for a dividend; that the fugitive but rich gold from the air, the by-products that were of the olden time—make a showing on the ledger. The pay roll is so long that the manager and the mill worker are further apart than they ever were before. There is no personal touch. The workmen pour through the mill gates in the morning much as the water pours through the lifted head gates. Personal contact is lost between the owner, the president, the board of directors and the men who work. Questions of economies and of dividends are discussed in the board of directors' [illegible] the question of wages in the labor assembly. There is little comparison. The men do not come together. The one side does not hear the other

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The competition between well paid labor and cheap labor, that so long raged between this country and Europe, has taken on a new phase. Massachusetts is complaining of the long hours and cheap labor of North Carolina and Georgia. The solicitous legislation of Massachusetts for the health and welfare of her laboring population, manifesting itself in limited hours of labor, in the prohibition of child labor and like things seem to have put the Massachusetts mill owner at a disadvantage in the competition with mills in States that do not impose such restrictions. The great steel mill, with its own railroad to the lakes, its great steamers and barges, its mines of ore and of coal, the most improved and costly labor saving machinery, is rendering the survival of the smaller and less perfectly equipped doubtful, if not impossible. The [illegible] the mine owner, of the transportation company and of the mill have been consolidated.

The seams which mar the fair landscape seem to be [illegible] These chasms are broadening into great gulfs, and if these gulfs are to be filled we must establish dumps on both sides of them. It will aid the work if those on either [illegible] side. Wealth should neither be the object of our enmity nor the basis of our consideration. The indiscriminate denunciation of the rich is mischievous. It perverts the moral [illegible] is the heart and furnishes an [illegible] crime. No poor man was ever made richer or happier by it. It is quite as illogical [illegible] because he is rich as because a man has [illegible] s. We cannot right mat[illegible] from one what he has honestly [illegible] upon another what he [illegible] competition of life, be fair methods, by greater skill or thrift, you go to the front

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Hate is nothing more wholesome, more helpful to the striving than [illegible] which every community affords of the triumph of pluck and thrift over hard and discouraging conditions. The presence of a man on the cliff who was but lately in the gorge is conclusive evidence of a path, and it is much wiser to give our strength to climbing than to stone throwing. He should [illegible] said [illegible] "hail [illegible] brother" [illegible] and we should [illegible]

[illegible] sion of all [illegible] good temper [illegible] essential. Men must get together and use facts, not rhetoric. We do not want cru[illegible] nor a [illegible] who counted the empty sepulchre of our Lord of more value than His precepts. In social and political movements [illegible] destructive [illegible], not a [illegible] When the house is so rotten that it is beyond repair, there is a call for [illegible] him to clear the ground. But if the foundations and walls are strong and plumb, and it is only a question of a new roof, or of improved interior arrangements, the men of destructive tendencies should be clubbed off the premises. The leaky roof and unsanitary interior must, however, have attention, and the architect and his workmen must get to work with zeal and a plan. The tenants will stand together against the destructionists and the firebugs; but have a care, for if repairs are not promptly and wisely made, if the dwellers on the first floor cut off the heat and water from the dwellers in the attic, things may become so intolerable that the tenants of the attic will open the doors to the firebugs. Those who occupy [illegible] floor and the commodious and el[illegible] stories must pay their share of [illegible] water bills must bear their [illegible]

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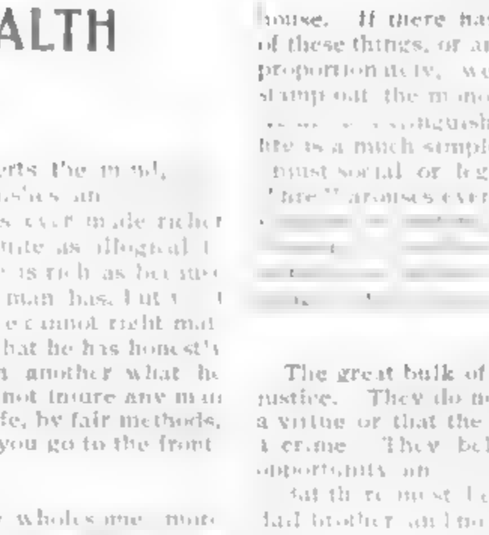
The great middle class of our people has [illegible] failed to respond to the fire alarm [illegible] they have only small properties at [illegible] and these not immediately threatened [illegible] but [illegible] that they will lose their [illegible] as firemen if those in whose apartments the fire has been kindled do not pay their proportionate share of the cost of the fire department. There must be a searching inquiry into [illegible] of the heat and water supplies contracted, not by a tipsy janitor, but by a committee of the [illegible]



HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON

house. If there has been any monopolizing of these things, or any failure to pay for them proportionately, we must be as active to stamp out the monopoly and the injustice as [illegible] to extinguish a fire. To stamp out a life is a much simpler process than to correct most social or legal relations. The cry of "Fire" arouses everybody and stirs the most [illegible] but to ferret out [illegible] the work neither [illegible] much unless the [illegible]

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The great bulk of our people are lovers of justice. They do not believe that poverty is a virtue or that the possession of property is a crime. They believe in an equality of opportunity on [illegible] but it must be the understanding of the [illegible] and brother and not brick and mortar, not fraud nor shirking. If our pa[illegible] notes and bonds and s[illegible] listed. The plea of business pr[illegible] been driven too hard. If for more [illegible] purposes we may ask the head [illegible] whether there are any idiots in his household and enforce the answer by court process, we may surely, for revenue purposes, require a [illegible] detailed list of his securities. The men who have wealth must [illegible] and flaunt it on the street. Such things breed a [illegible] great discontent [illegible] other men are [illegible] part. They bear a disproportionate burden. A [illegible] soldier [illegible] carry the [illegible] back of a crippled comrade. But he will not permit a robust shirk to add so much as his tin cup to the burden.

The special purpose of my address to-day is to press home this thought upon the prosperous, well-to-do people of our communities and especially of our great cities, that one of the conditions of the security of wealth is a proportionate and full contribution to the expenses of the State and local governments. It is not only wrong, but it is unsafe, to make a show in our homes and on the streets that is not made in the tax returns. I only allude casually to the sentimental side of this question, to the unpatriotic character of these American citizens who are filching the great privileges of American citizens.

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Equality is the golden thread that runs through all the fabric of our civil institutions. [illegible] the dominating note in the swelling sym[illegible] The favoritisms and cl[illegible] distinctions which characterized the governments and administrations of Europe were destroyed with the establishment of government under the American Constitution. At the polls, before the courts in all assemblies of the people, in all legislation, there was to be, not a class peerage but a universal peerage. And as a corollary, necessary and imperative to this doctrine of an equality of right, is the doctrine of a proportionate and ratable contribution to the cost [illegible] administration [illegible] vernment. Indeed this principle of a proportionate burden might be more properly called an inherent part of the doctrine of equal rights. For, one whose right to acquire and accumulate is disproportionately burdened, is denied equal rights. [illegible] lasses may not be created, neither [illegible] ny class be discriminated against [illegible] constitutions of [illegible] burdens of taxation should be proportioned, [illegible] ch man paying ratably upon what [illegible] possessed. The State was to gather from all and to dispense for the benefit of all [illegible] With us and favoritism were excluded. But [illegible] tion and grace, in a free republican State, must be without discrimination. Political favoritism should have no place and should be allowed to have no weight. [illegible] is a part of our individual covenant with the State as citizens that [illegible] will, honestly and fully in the rate of [illegible] [illegible] to time by law, contribute [illegible] to all public expenses. [illegible] as its charge of that by the [illegible] of the tests of [illegible] that duty is a [illegible] [illegible] patriotism. The taxing [illegible] In times of peace [illegible] aging foe threatens the [illegible] of the entire country with [illegible] appreciate the defense which [illegible] interposes between them [illegible] danger.

I want to emphasize, if I can, that the preservation of this [illegible] proportionate contribution, [illegible] true value of what each [illegible] public expenditures, is essential [illegible] tenance of our free institutions [illegible] and good order in our communities. I do not say that every tax must be [illegible] and touch all property of every [illegible] general property tax must do so, because the fact that excise taxes [illegible] taxes, and such like, may be less [illegible] tion to the general property tax, [illegible] requirement as to such taxes [illegible] shall be uniform in the [illegible] ated to them, and that [illegible] shall be natural and not arb[illegible]

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If we do not hold to the [illegible] and uniformity everything [illegible] to the whim of the Legislature. [illegible] revenue of a State may [illegible] tributions exacted from [illegible] of its population. [illegible] To allow such a [illegible] the majority thus [illegible] [illegible] fulness in public [illegible] effective watch [illegible] minority will be [illegible] will be careless as to [illegible] accumulation of [illegible]

For very many [illegible] prevalent that the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] tions the great excep[illegible] in city are [illegible] se, in the [illegible] of distribution of wide[illegible] of our great [illegible] probable that [illegible] a fairer degree [illegible] The delinquencies [illegible] located in [illegible] [illegible] lation [illegible] been prosecuted [illegible] centres of [illegible] almost el[illegible]

In 18[illegible] sonal property [illegible] assessed amounted to twenty-two per [illegible] of the total property assessed. In 1896 the proportion of personal property assessed had fallen to 12.4 per cent. Controller Roberts of that State declares that as a rule, this class of property escapes taxation. The taxable value of real estate in the State of New York increased, between 1879 and 1895, 155 per cent, while the value of taxable personal property, as shown by the assessment within the same time, increased less than six per cent. Mr. Roberts expresses the opinion that the increase in the value of personal property has, in fact, been much more rapid than that of real estate and that the value of the personal property owned in the State is at least equal to, if not more than, the value of the real estate. He states that from $2,500,000,000 to $3,000,000,000 of personal property, taxable by law in New York, escapes taxation every year.

A gentleman of prominence, residing [illegible] of the smaller towns of New Eng[illegible]

[illegible] ER

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this series of Great Speeches [illegible] Americans will be given the best work in the [illegible] contemporary thinkers and leaders of the nation. The Post will seek to gi[illegible] the best type, power and imagery of important speeches that reach the public only in fragments [illegible] racts in the pages of the daily press. The above address was delivered before the Union League Club [illegible] cago on February 22, 1896. The first four in the series are:

I Washington as a Statesman — by William McKinley
II—The Heroism of the Unknown — by Henry C. Potter, D. D.
III The Duty of Self-Control — by Francis Landey Patton, D. D., LL. D.
IV—The Obligations of Wealth — by Benjamin Harrison

recently told me that there had resided in his town for many years a gentleman who was reputed to be wealthy, whom he supposed to be worth perhaps a million dollars, and who was assessed for $100,000. He died, and when his personal property was scheduled by his executor it was found to amount to about $6,000,000—if I recall the figures accurately—and, when this property went upon the assessment roll of the town, the tax rate was reduced one half. In other words, this gentleman, living in neighborly relations to his fellow citizens and discharging, apparently, with kindliness all of the obligations of citizenship, had been, every year of his residence in the town, defrauding his neighbors by compelling them to contribute to the public expense a share that he should, in honesty and in good conscience, have himself discharged. He was veritably filching from every hand that was extended to him in neighborly confidence. His alms were of other men's goods.

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The Appeal Tax Court of Maryland responding to an inquiry which was made by the Tax Commission of that State, in the year 1881, said: "We utterly fail in reaching private securities of any description. Here and there only have they been returned by some conscientious holders."

The report of the Revenue Commission of Illinois, of 1886, discloses that practically the same [illegible] exists in your State [illegible] refusal to [illegible] outrageous is this [illegible] property from the tax [illegible] years of [illegible] ties between the coun[illegible] he is facing as a result of your State [illegible] complicated [illegible] Labor Commission of [illegible] entering upon [illegible] as to recommend the [illegible] attempt to collect taxes [illegible] personal property.

[illegible] how this offense against [illegible] has grown to such [illegible] very sense that inequality [illegible] promoted it. One [illegible] when [illegible] tax return, and that if he returns his [illegible] honestly he will pay disproportionately. The result is that his conscience [illegible] saying, "Everybody [illegible] also true that under [illegible] of our States double [illegible] tax payers take it upon [illegible] this defect in the law, [illegible] prescribed by the [illegible] by leaving out of their tax [illegible] and securities as they [illegible] in other States.

[illegible] State Governments and the [illegible] in our State laws undoubtedly [illegible] injustice and inequality. [illegible] tious tax-payer must abide by [illegible] judiciary power of the State [illegible] to protect his property [illegible] at the appeal of the law-[illegible]vered from the law breaker [illegible]s that of the law abiding [illegible]vokes jealousy, and the [illegible] is often invoked to pro[illegible]cialist and the anarchist [illegible] proportion of the cost of [illegible]se—or the vigor of the [illegible]

[illegible] includes all the laws, the [illegible]e great, the inconvenient [illegible]venient. The compact to [illegible] basis of our civil system, [illegible] social order, and the one [illegible]od citizenship.

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[illegible] of the highest obligation, [illegible] draw a sound moral dis[illegible] the man who hides his [illegible]s a false return in order to [illegible]nt of his debt to the State, [illegible] conceals his property from [illegible]. Nor should it be more [illegible] the defaulter in the one [illegible] other. If our taxes were [illegible] individual or to a corpora[illegible]be collected. There would [illegible] unrelenting pursuit. The [illegible] processes of the law would [illegible] effect, just as they were [illegible]t debtors under the bank [illegible] not possible to secure public [illegible] show the same activity?

[illegible] enormous and crying evil is [illegible]uption which it is alleged [illegible]e appraisement of tangible [illegible] of our great cities, we have [illegible]hings with which we dare not [illegible]st inaugurate, and at once a [illegible]stem that shall [illegible]ualize tax burdens. The [illegible]men of wealth in our great communities should lead the movement. This great club, organized as a rallying center for loyalty and patriotic citizenship, should hear a call as loud and imperative as that which came to its members during the years of the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln's startling declaration that this country could not continue to exist half slave and half free may be paraphrased to-day by saying that this country cannot continue to exist half taxed and half free.

If there is not enough public virtue left in our communities to make tax frauds disreputable; if there is not virility enough left in our laws and in the administration of justice in our courts to bring to punishment those who defraud the State and their neighbors, is there not danger that crimes of violence will make insecure the fortunes that have refused to contribute ratably to the cost of maintaining social order? If we are to admit that the Carthaginations of public duty and of personal veracity and personal integrity are so little felt by our people, and that our administrative and judicial processes are so inadequate that tax frauds cannot, at least, be measurably restrained, hope for the country is eclipsed.

The failures which have accompanied, in an increased ratio, the attempt to collect the personal property tax, have led many tax reformers to favor its total abolition, and the substitution of other forms of taxation. The failure of the wealthy holders of these intangible securities to pay their just proportion of the cost of government has stimulated a demand for special forms of taxation and for progressive taxation, with a view in some measure to recoup to the community the losses which are inflicted by evasive or fraudulent tax returns. The people will not consent that the present state of things shall be accepted as a permanent condition.

The spirit of discontent is rife. The farmer, the man of moderate circumstances, has unfeignedly and unfalteringly rallied to suppress mob violence and to preserve the peace of our communities. These men are not agrarians, or socialists, or anarchists, or covetous of other men's goods, but they will not and they ought not to permit the tax burdens upon their smaller properties to be doubled by the evasions and frauds of the holders of these intangible securities.

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I cannot believe, however, that it is impossible so to stir the consciences of our people, so to stimulate the independence and courage of our assessors and of our Courts and prosecutors, as to secure a fairly general enforcement of the personal property tax. I know that men hesitate to call a neighbor to judgment in this matter. We have too much treated the matter of a man's tax return as a personal matter. We have put his transactions with the State on much the same level with his transactions with his banker, but that is not the true basis.

Each citizen has a personal interest, a pecuniary interest, in the tax return of his neighbor. We are members of a great partnership, and it is the right of each to know what every other member is contributing to the partnership and what he is taking from it. It is not a private affair, it is a public concern of the first importance. Perhaps there should be a general proclamation of amnesty and a new start, for many men have been enticed into these offenses by the belief that all others were offending.

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The pulpit, the press—every agency that deals with public, social and moral questions should lend its help. There should be committees of public safety, for, my fellow citizens, I do not exaggerate when I say that the public safety is involved in a more equal administration of our tax laws. Returns and assessments must be honest and taxes proportionate. If there are inequalities in the law they must be remedied by legislation.

If no other remedy can be found, perhaps the State might declare and maintain an estoppel against the claim of any man or his heirs to property, the ownership of which he had disclaimed in his tax returns. If a succession tax law is used to recoup the taxes unpaid during life it should be framed to reach the guilty and save the innocent. A penalty might be levied on property as to which paid tax bills are not produced.

It is not within the purpose of this address to propose in detail the needed reforms, but rather to emphasize the need, and to suggest that our men of wealth should themselves come forward and take the lead in these reforms; that they should not only show a willingness, but a zeal, to bear their full proportionate share of all public burdens. If they do not, the sense of injury is so strong that ways will be found, I fear, to exact more than is equal. To do justice is the best safeguard against injustice.

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Legend of the Czar's Ear

A STRIKE recently occurred among the peasants in the western districts of the Cherson Province of Russia. The disturbance was investigated by the police and the rather extraordinary reasons for the outbreak were ascertained.

It seems that a picture of the present Czar was recently sent to all communal councils in Russia, including, of course, those in Cherson. As the picture only presented a [illegible] view of the Czar, only one ear was visible. This led the peasants to believe that the Czar possessed only one ear, and the loss of the other they thus accounted for.

When Alexander III died (say these peasants) his widow and old adviser began to confer together, afterward inviting Nicholas II to join them. As soon as Czar Nicholas entered the room he declared that all land in Russia must be equally divided among the peasants. One of his councilors replied: "Sure as you cannot see your own ear you won't divide the land." The Czar thereupon immediately cut off one ear, and remarked, "As surely as I now see my ear I will divide the land."

The peasants of Cherson were convinced of the truth of this legend that they firmly believed that a strike against the landowners would be followed by the intervention of the Czar in their behalf, and the division of the land among themselves.

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How Paul Morphy Checkmated Satan

A CORRESPONDENT of the American Chess Magazine tells this story of Paul Morphy's visit to Richmond, Virginia, which, he says, was related to him some years ago by the Rev. Mr. H., of that city. Mr. Morphy was Mr. H.'s guest while in the city, and on his arrival was first ushered into the library, and his attention was at once attracted by a painting over the mantel, which was a fine copy of a celebrated painting representing a game of chess between a young man and the devil, the stake being the young man's soul.

The artist had most graphically depicted the point in the game where it was apparently the young man's move, and he seemed just to realize the fact that he had lost the game, the agony of despair being shown in every line of his features and attitude, while the devil, from the opposite side of the table, gloated over him with fiendish delight. The position of the game appeared utterly hopeless for the young man. Mr. H. said he had often set it up and studied it with his chess friends, and all agreed the young man's game was certainly lost.

Mr. Morphy walked up to the picture and studied it for several minutes, when finally, turning to Mr. H., he said:

"I can win the game for the young man."

Mr. H. was, of course, astonished, and said: "Is it possible?"

Mr. Morphy replied: "Cut out the men and board and let us look at it."

The position was set up, and in a few rapid moves he demonstrated a win for the young man, and the devil was check-mated.

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When the Senses Grow Keen

I MADE bold to say to Doctor Nansen that thousands upon thousands of men who were not specially interested in Arctic work had read his book with delight, says a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald, and that to me the marvel was not that he could do what he did in the field, but that he could write such a book about his experiences. "The best thing in it, to my notion," I said, "is your description of your dramatic meeting with Jackson on Franz Josef Land, and the best part of that was your reference to the manner in which the wild man's sharpened senses discovered the fragment of the soap which the civilized European had used in his morning ablutions."

"It is really true," replied Doctor Nansen, "that I could smell that soap as plainly as if it had been a strong perfume. Johansen noted the same thing when he came up. In fact, for several days our sense of smell was most wonderfully acute. As I approached Jackson's hut I thought I could smell everything it contained and give a sort of inventory of its stores without seeing them. In a day or two this acuteness wore off, and we became normal in that as well as in other respects. But I wonder, if a man were to live wild for a few years, if his sense of smell would not become as keen as that of an animal."

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Captain Sigsbee as an Artist

ONE day in the spring of 1875, when the Daily Graphic, of New York, was in full swing of its meteoric career, a modest looking young man called at the art department of the paper, at its Park Place offices, with a package of sketches. The drawings were left for inspection, says the Philadelphia Times, and the artist, handing his address in Brooklyn to the assistant of the art editor, took his departure. The availability of the work was manifested as soon as the package was opened, and a comic series from the lot was reproduced at once for the front page.

Their appearance made quite a flutter among the art staff for talent capable of furnishing good comics in pen and ink in those days was a scarce and costly article. The page was signed "S," and that was all the staff knew about it until there was a general shoving about of work desks to make room "for Mr. Sigsbee." But Mr. Sigsbee did not materialize, nor did the supply of his wonderfully funny drawings continue.

It became known that the art editor had duly notified Mr. Sigsbee that his sketches were accepted, and that he would be given a place upon the art staff at once. Would Mr. Sigsbee please be on hand upon Monday morning? But the week rolled by, and there was no Mr. Sigsbee. The art editor was unspeakably astonished. He then wrote [illegible] more urgently to the coy but desirable artist, and this time he got an answer, "Lieutenant-Commander Charles Sigsbee, U. S. N., sends his compliments, and begs to say that as he is at present in command of a Government ship he cannot accept the position offered."

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Where Fish Spend the Winter

JAMES B. CHURCH, of Tiverton, Rhode Island, a recognized authority on fish and their habits, thus writes: Fish are, except the birds, the best pilots in the world. Either, the birds or fish, know more when asleep about piloting than a man pilot does when awake.

Now as to the habits of fish. They come on the coast in the spring, when the migratory instinct starts them out of their winter's sleep. In winter they are in a dormant state, like the bear, skunk and woodchuck. The old theory that fish migrated south is all wrong. Fish simply leave the coast and go off shore on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, get into water of the right temperature, and go into winter quarters.

Before the time comes for them to start on their annual pilgrimage for their winter [illegible] they have taken on a good coat [illegible] it is under their skin, and their stomach is lined with it, and it is also all through their bodies when they arrive at the spot that they have selected for their winter home. Then there grows over their eyes a white film, and their vent closes, and so they remain until the time comes for them to start for their summer home.

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Epigrams of the War

"War is not a picnic."—Hamilton [illegible]

"Suspend judgment."—Sigsbee's [illegible] to W[illegible]

"Remember the Maine!"—Schley's signal to his fleet.

"Don't swear, shoot!"—Colonel Wood, to the Rough Riders.

"Don't cheer just now; those poor devils are dying."—Captain Philip.

"Shafter is fighting, not writing."—General Corbin, to Secretary of War Alger.

"Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"—Buckey O'Neill, Rough Rider.

"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range; I guess I'll close in."—Lieutenant Wainwright.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Dewey, to Prince Henry of Germany.

"I've got them now, they'll never get home."—Schley, on guard at Santiago harbor.

"There must be no more recalls. Iron will break at last."—Hobson, to Admiral Sampson.

"Don't mind me, boys, go on fighting."—Capt. Allen K. Capron, of the Rough Riders.

"Take that for the Maine!"—Captain Sigsbee, as he fired a shot through the Terror.

"We will make Spanish the Court language of Hades."—Fighting Bob Evans, when war was declared.

"Excuse me, sir; I have to report that the ship has been blown up, and is sinking."—Bill Anthony, of the Maine.

"I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God, the Father Almighty."—Captain Philip.

"I expect to take the pla[illegible] as soon as I can [illegible] Reinforcements will not reach m[illegible]"—General Shafter, before Santiago.

"Don't hamper me with instructions. I am not afraid of the entire Spanish fleet with my ship."—Captain Clark, of the Oregon, to the Board of Strategy.

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Why a Capital Was Named After Bismarck

THE death of Bismarck recalls to mind the fact that the capital of North Dakota was named in his honor, says the Boston Transcript. This was done not because of any German settlement in that vicinity, but because of a desire on the part of the directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to recognize his great abilities displayed in the Franco-Prussian war. An added reason, no doubt, was the fact that the

German and Austrian capital had been secured for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and it was a compliment to these investors, also. The crossing of the Missouri River by this railway company was a proud step, and at this time, 1873, Bismarck's was the greatest name in the political world.

To the letter notifying Bismarck of this honor, the great Chancellor wrote the following reply:

"BERLIN, May 19, 1873.

"*Sir:* I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the twenty-eighth of last month inclosing a copy of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, to the effect that the town at the crossing of the Missouri River by that road shall be named Bismarck. I beg you will be good enough to convey to the gentlemen, on behalf of whom you write, my sincere thanks for so flattering a compliment, to assure them that I am very grateful for the terms in which they speak of the services I have been able to do to my country and to these interests which are common to all nations.

"Accept, together with my best wishes for the prosperity of your undertaking, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

"(Signed) V. BISMARCK.

"Samuel Wilkinson, Esq., Secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, New York."

This was the first city in the United States to bear Bismarck's name. Since that time, however, twelve other post-offices in this country have received his name, but they are chiefly small places of little consequence.

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The Wonders of a Magical Number

EVERYBODY knows the tricks that can be played with the number 9—that mysterious property known as the "power of nine." But strange things are sometimes discovered with regard to other numbers, even when we get into hundreds and thousands. There is the number 142,857, for instance. At first sight one would not suspect it of anything singular; it is only when we take to multiplying it that we discover its powers. We shall find that if we multiply it by any number, from one up to six, we shall arrive at products expressed by exactly the same figures as the original. Not only so, but, with the exception that a different figure leads off each time, the order of figures is the same.

142,857 multiplied by 1 is, of course, the same.
142,857 " by 2 is 285,714.
142,857 " by 3 is 428,571.
142,857 " by 4 is 571,428.
142,857 " by 5 is 714,285.
142,857 " by 6 is 857,142.

But with this multiplying by 6 the strangeness stops, though the result of multiplying the number by 7 gives the rather odd figure of 999,999, simply lacking one to make the million. If the process is carried further and the number is multiplied by 8, 9, 10, 11, etc., the result will be almost as startling as in the case of the smaller multipliers.

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Buttons on Soldiers' Clothes

THERE is meaning in every button displayed on the coats of Army and Navy men, says the New York Sun. An officer's rank may be determined by the device on the button as well as by the number he wears. The large buttons are seven-eighths of an inch in interior diameter, and the small ones nine-sixteenths. They are of yellow metal, fire gilt, and burnished. The general officers and the officers of the general staff wear a gilt button, very convex, with the spread eagle and stars and a plain border.

For officers of the Corps of Engineers the button is different, being only slightly convex, with a raised, bright rim, one and one-thirteenth inches wide. Its devices are an eagle holding in his beak a scroll with the word *Essayons* (Let us try), a bastion with embrasures in the distance surrounded by water, and a rising sun. These devices are of dead gold upon a bright field.

For officers of the Ordnance Department the buttons are gilt, convex, with a plain border, and their device consists of two crossed cannon and a bombshell, with a circular scroll over and across the cannon, containing the words "Ordnance Corps." Signal Corps officers have convex gilt buttons, with plain border and the device of two crossed signal-flags, with a burning torch between them. For Artillery, Infantry and Cavalry the button is gilt, convex, with the device of a spread eagle with a shield on its breast which contains the letter A, I or C. The Aides-de-camp may wear the button of the general staff or the one of their own regiment or corps, as they please.

The Cavalry have a button with two sabres crossed, their edges upright; the Infantry, two rifles without bayonets, crossed, their barrels upward; the Artillery, two cannons crossed; the post Quartermaster-Sergeant, a key and quill pen crossed; the Hospital Corps, a large cross; the Engineer Corps, a turreted castle; the Signal Corps, two signal flags, crossed, with a burning torch; the Ordnance, a shell in flames, and the Commissary Sergeant, a crescent.

The Navy button is not so varied as the Army button. It is gilt, convex, and of three sizes. The large size is seven-eighths of an inch, the medium seven-tenths of an inch, and the small size nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, each bearing a large eagle holding an anchor, surrounded by thirteen stars, in honor of the original thirteen States.

The Best Poems in the World — No. XXXI

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With a Drawing by George Gibbs

IT WAS the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks as the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm;
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh, father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light!
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be!
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the mast went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow.
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

How the Poem was Written

THE story of how The Wreck of the Hesperus was written cannot be better told than by reprinting extracts from Longfellow's diary of the dates December 17 and 30, 1839. He wrote:

"17th.—News of horrible shipwrecks on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner Hesperus. Also the Sea-flower on Black Rock. I must write a ballad upon this."

That he did not forget the incident, and that it made a strong and unusual impression on his mind, is shown by the entry made thirteen days later:

"30th.—I wrote last night a notice of Allston's poems. After which I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the 'Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus'; which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas."

"I CAN WEATHER THE ROUGHEST GALE THAT EVER WIND DID BLOW'"

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

When Sampson Was Married The career of Admiral William T. Sampson is watched with special interest by some Rochester people, because they remember his marriage, to Miss Elizabeth Burling, sixteen years ago. One of them relates this incident, in the New York Sun, of the marriage as a sign that did not fail. The carriage that was to convey the newly wedded couple to the train was standing in front of the house, when the driver stepped up to one of the young women in the bridal party, tipped his hat, and gravely said:

"Would you mind rubbing Tom and Jim's noses, miss? It's a good sign for the new married pair."

The young woman smiled, but she did as the driver asked her. Jim and Tom drew Admiral and Mrs. Sampson to the station, and they departed from this city to take up their home in Washington. Admiral Sampson was stationed in the Naval Observatory there, and had already made a name for himself. Mrs. Sampson is well known among teachers and instructors in New York State. The Admiral's wife was at one time an instructor in Wells College, Aurora, where she was very popular with her pupils. She is proficient in modern languages and can speak French and Spanish fluently. At the conclusion of her instructorship at Wells College she became a member of the faculty of Vassar College. Just before coming to Rochester she was private instructor to Miss Anita McCormick, daughter of Cyrus McCormick, of Chicago. Miss Anita McCormick not long afterward married a son of James G. Blaine.

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The Sultan of Morocco, the Young Ruler of Millions The Sultan of Morocco, now so much talked about, is only seventeen years old, yet he rules with absolute power over 5,000,000 subjects. So well is he beloved by them that any one of them would lay down his life for his ruler. The young despot of the Empire of Morocco is known among his subjects as the "Prince of True Believers." He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, and was proclaimed Sultan in the Sheikian camp only four years ago.

The Government of Morocco is vested in the Sultan, and he is hampered by absolutely no rules or restricting laws, either civil or religious. The Sultan has as advisers six ministers—the Grand Vizier, Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Home Affairs and War, Chief Chamberlain, Chief Treasurer and Chief Administrator of Customs. The revenue of the Sultan amounts to about a quarter of a million dollars annually, enough to make some show of Oriental splendor.

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Hon. George N. Curzon, the Viceroy of India The appointment of the Right Hon. George N. Curzon to be Viceroy of India is not a surprise to those who know his eminent fitness for the position. At the comparatively young age of thirty-nine he has obtained a place which most Englishmen would regard as the crowning reward of a life's ambition. But his appointment was not the whim of fortune or the result of favor; it was made distinctly for fitness, unquestioned ability, and special knowledge of Eastern affairs and Oriental matters.

While Mr. Curzon, being the eldest son, would succeed in the natural course of events to his father's title, the new Viceroy of India will probably be created a peer in connection with his appointment. The Governor-General of India, the title Viceroy being commonly but not officially used, is appointed by the Crown, and is the personal representative of the Queen as Empress of India. The Governor-General, as the Queen's representative, exercises sovereignty over 300,000,000 persons. The salary of the post is in the neighborhood of $150,000 per year, but not a very large sum when the entertaining that must be done is considered. The term of office is four years—the same as that of the Presidency of the United States—but it is sometimes extended. The Governor's palace at Calcutta is a vast structure, quite overshadowing in size even that very large example of England's great country houses, Blenheim, of which Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, is now chatelaine.

Americans are interested in his success largely because he married an American woman, the daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago. Famous for wealth and beauty, Mrs. Curzon has won the love and admiration of all who respect true worth. By her sweetness and grace she has endeared herself to Englishmen, and will undoubtedly fill her new position with credit to her husband, to her adopted land and to the land of her birth.

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Louise Michel, the Red Virgin No woman in modern history has been a greater object of terror to the Governments of Europe than this famous French communard. She has been driven from country to country, hounded by military spies, and kept under police surveillance for more than half her life.

Yet, personally, this woman, now nearing her seventieth year, is one of the gentlest and most highly educated of her sex, one who has worked incessantly for the poor and suffering, and who would cheerfully sacrifice her life for them.

She is the best-known and probably the most-respected Anarchist in the world, because she is sincere in her convictions. "I am an Anarchist, but I do not associate with any class of Socialists. I am in favor of right and harmony, instead of force," is her declaration. "She would have been a great saint if her mind had been turned that way," says the Sister Superior of St. Lazare, of her.

She is of very respectable parentage, taught in the schools of Paris for many years, and is deeply versed in the classics. During the reign of the Commune in Paris she served with the men at the barricades. She has been deported and pardoned, arrested and re-arrested. Yet she continues her literary work, and her self-imposed mission to the poor and suffering. Her history of the Commune, recently published, throws much light on the events of 1871.

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Prince Henry, Wilhelm's Brother Ever since the war lord of Europe sent his younger brother, Prince Henry, to guard the interests of Germany in the far East, that young man has been watched by the world with great interest. Prince Henry is three years younger than the Kaiser, and has just passed his thirty-sixth birthday.

In disposition he is the direct opposite of Wilhelm. He possesses many traits which make him immensely popular with all who come in close contact with him. Indeed, in early life Prince Henry's sterling qualities made him such a popular favorite wherever he went that his elder brother became jealous, and at last openly quarreled with his more warm-hearted brother. This bitterness practically lasted up to a few years ago.

After Wilhelm became Kaiser, he rather thrust Prince Henry into the background, and placed him in the obscurity of the retired list of the Navy, but the German Emperor has given the world a pyrotechnic display of brotherly kindness, and now Prince Henry is endeavoring to uphold the influence of the "mailed fist" in China. One cannot help wondering what would have been the result upon Germany and the world had the conditions been reversed and had the seniority fallen upon Prince Henry.

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Jacques le Lorrain, the Cobbler-Poet It is now announced that Jacques le Lorrain, the gifted young French poet, who threw up literature in disgust about two years ago and turned cobbler, has determined to take to the pursuit of letters again. Commissions were few and far between, and the poet has come to the conclusion that he might as well starve at writing, which he likes, as at shoe-making, which he detests. One would have thought that the general interest excited in his abandonment of literature would have brought him customers. But it was not so. Neither the young literary lions of the Latin Quarter, nor his well-to-do friends, nor the prosperous literary men who formerly encouraged him, troubled their heads about the cobbler.

A journal devoted to the leather and tanning trades gave him some orders for verses, to be paid for at $5.00 a contribution. Le Lorrain accepted the offer, but the editor discovered after paying for the first poem that $5.00 was a great deal of money for a few lines of poetry. "Just imagine," said poor Le Lorrain bitterly, when discussing the question with a friend of mine, "for that money he could have bought a pair of patent-leather, hand-sewed boots!" He has had enough of cobbling now, and he is going to take up his pen again. It is evidently not given to every one to successfully imitate Tolstoi.

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A Pioneer of Italian Opera in Germany The recent death of Diego de Vivo removes one of the oldest of the old-time impresarios. Born in Italy seventy-six years ago, he came to America with the tenor, Brignoli, in the early days of Italian opera in New York. Later, De Vivo developed into a traveling agent, and then to a manager, and almost all of the operatic stars of the past thirty years have at one time or another been under his management. He was the first American manager of Parepa Rosa.

Fifteen years ago De Vivo went to Australia, but he returned to America again and married a Philadelphia woman, who still survives him. He frequently, at Mr. Dana's suggestion, wrote musical articles for the New York Sun, and it is said that the famous editor himself edited these articles.

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Prince Max, the Royal Bishop Prince Max of Saxony, who has just been appointed Bishop of Kulm, is well known in England from his labors and preachings (influent English), in the East End of London, during the last two years. Prince Max, who is only in his twenty-eighth year, was formerly in the Army, but, falling under the influence of the Jesuits, was persuaded to take holy orders, much against the wishes of his uncle, the King; and after due novitiate he was appointed Chaplain of Saint Walburg at Eichstatt, the very place where he was garrisoned, and where his conversion was effected. Shortly afterward he preached his first sermon at the Chapel Royal, Dresden, to the King and Queen, his parents, and his sister and brothers, a most eloquent discourse, which moved all to tears.

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The Peculiarities of Henrik Ibsen Henrik Ibsen lived for several years in Munich, and during that time he was a familiar figure at one of the cafés on the principal street. He came there regularly every day, sat always at the same table, and read the foreign newspapers. He attracted then a moderate amount of attention from visitors to the café. Apparently he never noticed them, and he took his place at the table without speaking to anybody, always sat alone, and left when he had finished reading his paper.

Often he was approached by strangers and his conduct was then polite and reserved. One of the women who had seen him almost daily for many months said that she had never seen him refuse his autograph to any one who asked for it, or repel the considerate advance of any person who desired to speak to him. But it was also true that at that time he was never approached in any but a respectful manner.

Ibsen's fame has grown greatly, however, during the past few years, and many persons who had never heard of him several years ago now know, at least, that he is one of the most famous men in literature. That knowledge may account for a story that comes from Christiania concerning the worry and inconvenience which the English visitors to Norway now cause him. They go to Norway in shoals during the summer months, and it is said that they have come to look upon Ibsen as the great curiosity of the capital.

The novelist continues his habit of going daily to a café, and there is said to be a line of staring Britishers always awaiting his arrival. He is evidently as indifferent to the interest he awakens as he used to be in the Munich days, and never notices it. But the action of a party of English tourists a few weeks ago is said to have finally called out a strong protest from the famous writer.

He was on his way to the Grand Café in Christiania when he encountered six travelers. Three were men and three were women. They stretched in a line across the sidewalk. In vain the dramatist tried to continue on his way. The line of six effectively barricaded the way. But the flying wedge was too much for him. Suddenly he espied a seventh Englishman. This one carried a camera and was struggling to get Ibsen in an attitude that would make a good picture. That was too much. Remembering probably that George Bernard Shaw is an Irishman and Elizabeth Robbins an American, he made this unexpected outbreak:

"Those miserable English!"

A still stronger protest against their conduct followed. He turned back, went home, and missed his hour in the café for the first time since his return to Christiania.

Ibsen's pictures were not always as much appreciated in England as they are to-day. During the German exhibition held several years ago at Earl's Court, a portrait of the dramatist by a Munich painter hung in the main gallery. One night two typical English girls entered the room.

"Oh, I say," said one to the other as she pointed to Ibsen's portrait, "that old gentleman's had a bad fright, hasn't he?"

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Sarah Bernhardt's First Success The report that Sarah Bernhardt is about to visit India at the invitation of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who has been visiting Paris, serves to call public attention again to one of the most remarkable actresses the world has ever seen. In her art she is unexcelled. She is a great favorite with Queen Victoria, and it is now nearly twenty years since she played for the first time in London.

It is just thirty years since Sarah Bernhardt made her first success at the Odéon in a play by Coppée, *Le Passant*.

"I can picture the evening as though it were now," said the actress not long since—"the excitement—ah, it was so grand. I see the little theatre and the people seated in the auditorium. My heart for the first moment seemed to stand still. I made one step forward, and then all my nervousness vanished completely."

Sarah Bernhardt had good cause to be anxious on this occasion, for an earlier appearance on the stage of the Théatre Française resulted in an absolute failure. Since that night at the Odéon, however, her career has been one long-continued triumph. Nor have her successes been confined to the stage. She is a painter and sculptor, as well as an actress. Sara Bernhardt has exhibited more than once at the Salon, and in war she proved herself an accomplished nurse, working in the military hospitals.

She loves the country, too, and the sea, and often spends a holiday at a little house she owns in Brittany. "She is never more happy," wrote a friend of the great actress, who was with her in Brittany, "than when she is leaping from rock to rock, barefooted, with her net in hand, or paddling knee-deep in the waves in quest of crabs."

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Hooley's Friend, Lord de la Warr Lord de la Warr, whose name has become well known through the Hooley scandals, is not yet thirty years old, yet he has had a varied and in some respects remarkable career. At first he tried the inviting but difficult game of diplomacy, and failed. Then he went out as a commissioner on pearl-fishing for a well-known jeweler. Then he tried telegraphy. But he has been signally successful in nothing.

In person Lord de la Warr is tall, thin, with a small, light mustache and slightly bent shoulders. When a boy he used to play with the Dukes of Clarence and York. Hide-and-seek was their favorite amusement. The Wales boys always wanted to win, and being bigger and older they occasionally found it convenient to use a little healthy coercion. And once the Duke of York soundly thrashed Lord de la Warr because he would not let him win. From present appearances it looks as though Hooley were also thrashing Lord de la Warr for not letting him win.

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Duke of Saxe-Coburg as a Ship's Fiddler Americans know comparatively little about the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Queen Victoria's second son. He has never done anything to especially attract public attention, and is of a reserved nature. He possesses none of the popular characteristics of his courtier-like brother, the Prince of Wales. But he is in reality a sturdy, warm-hearted Englishman. He has just celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday.

He is by no means aristocratic in his bearing. It is said that when, as Captain of the Galatea, he went on a voyage round the world, he was at his own request addressed simply as "Sir," and "Captain," instead of the more formal title. The Duke is a fine violin player, and frequently during that voyage would he bring forth the instrument of many moods, and, during the dog-watch, the sailors' playtime, turn out reels and jigs, while his mates of the fo'c'sle jumped it solemnly in a hornpipe round the deck.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

What the War Department Has Done

Secretary Alger, in defense of the management of the War Department, has written a private letter, covering the four months following the declaration of war, which contains some large figures for so short a period. The Adjutant-General mustered and ordered to their station 216,400 volunteer and 24,900 regular troops. The Chief Engineer expended on harbor defenses $5,830,000. Over 110,900,000 pounds of rations were purchased, transported, and distributed among the armies of the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and among many destitute Cubans by the Commissary-General.

The Quartermaster-General transported to Honolulu, Manila, Santiago, Porto Rico, and return, over 82,000 men, with artillery equipment and supplies, and by rail to various points in the United States 9700 officers, 233,960 enlisted men, 40,582 animals, besides thousands of wagons, and a great quantity of supplies of various kinds. He also distributed over 9,275,000 articles of clothing and camp equipage. The Surgeon-General was over-worked with his duties of fitting up hospitals, organizing medical corps, employing nurses and contract surgeons, and furnishing medical supplies wherever our numerous armies happened to be stationed.

First American College of Forestry

Considering the manner of its endowment, it is particularly fitting that the first adequately equipped College of Forestry in the United States should be organized by Cornell University. This has been done under an act of the Legislature instituting the New York State College of Forestry, and placing it under the government of the university. The college starts on its work with an initial appropriation of 30,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack Mountains, and the law contemplates the technical management by the college of the entire forest area of the State, which it is thought will ultimately approximate 3,000,000 acres.

The college "rooms" are the forests themselves, and the lessons to be taught aim at the selection of trees of the highest economic value and their cultivation on a system promising the most rapid growth. For many years the great forest tracts of the United States have been subject to unrestrained denudation. Now, cultivation and conservation are found necessary. This first State College of Forestry will determine the kind of trees that can be grown to the best advantage and how this growth can be promoted.

Steamship Line Run by Our Government

For the first time in its existence the United States Government has engaged in the ocean steamship business on its own account. The War Department has established a line of transports from New York to Havana, Santiago, Ponce and return, for carrying supplies of the Quartermaster's, Commissary's, and Medical Departments, together with mail matter and such freight as may be needed at the points occupied by our forces. The first steamer of this new Government line has sailed, and others will follow, with scheduled dates for departure and arrival, like any ocean steamship line. The transports are expected to make weekly trips to the points mentioned after the port of Havana is officially reopened.

The New Method of Teaching Teachers

On an endowment of $250,000 by Mrs. Emmons Blaine, the University of Chicago has established a college for teachers that is pronounced a unique experiment in American educational work. The new institution is not for the making of teachers, as a normal school or a school of pedagogy, but for perfecting in science, literature and art those who are already teachers. It is thus an advance on the University Extension system in some respects.

There are many teachers filling responsible posts without the educational thoroughness that is now required by teachers' committees. The diversified and extended curriculum of to-day places old teachers at a disadvantage with younger ones, and requires of them constant study to keep up with the times in the school-room. The University Extension movement has accomplished much for teachers not college-bred, and this Chicago experiment cannot fail of large interest.

Chile's Need of the United States

The address of Señor Vicuna, the new Minister of Chile to the United States, at his formal presentation to President McKinley, is deserving of more than passing notice, because it went beyond the customary diplomatic platitudes. As a matter of form, no less than of fact also, foreign ministers invariably announce that their mission is to strengthen amicable relations with the United States. Señor Vicuna's mission, however, has another motive, on which he laid the greater stress in his address:

"The financial and commercial relations between this country, the emporium of every class of production and wealth, and Chile have scarcely been initiated, and are, in the opinion of experts, susceptible of immediate and of great development. My instructions charge me to bring about this development." He strongly declared his conviction that in the present stage of the world's affairs economical interests are constantly acquiring preponderance in international relations.

In reply, President McKinley said that this Government, under existing legislation, stood ready to participate in any movement having in view the enlargement of economical and commercial ties, on the basis of mutual accommodation and equitable reciprocity, with all the industrial countries of the world.

Popularizing the Spanish Language

The opening of the new school year was marked in many of our public schools and colleges by the introduction of Spanish in the list of regular studies. Within a few years the study of this language has met with much favor among progressive educators. During the past summer our sailors and soldiers have provided us with fields of commercial and industrial business, new in the way of having never been worked with the skill, push, and highly developed methods of the American man of business, whether financier, commercial factor, farmer, or mechanic of any kind.

Vast possibilities in the newly acquired possessions will be open to the young men and women of this country the moment the treaty of peace is signed, and an indispensable condition is a practical knowledge of the language of the people who have come under the direct protection of our Government.

Russia's American-Built Warships

Some details have been made public concerning two war vessels that are to be constructed in Philadelphia for the Russian Government that should be studied by our naval authorities and the naval committees of Congress. The largest vessel is to be a battle-ship of 12,700 tons displacement, which must maintain a speed of eighteen knots an hour for twelve consecutive hours, with all coal, ammunition, and stores on board. Speed must be maintained with ordinary natural draught, and the coal, ammunition, and stores will be greater by fifty per cent. than those carried on any vessel outside of Russia.

The other vessel, a cruiser, will have a displacement of 6500 tons, a speed of twenty-two knots an hour for twelve consecutive hours, and a carrying capacity of fifty per cent. more stores of all kinds than has ever been put into a warship. These vessels will be far superior to any hitherto designed for our Navy, and will embody all the lessons taught by Sampson's fight with Cervera.

The Unclaimed Remnant of Africa

The superficial area of Africa is estimated at 11,500,000 square miles. The partitioning of the continent since 1884 has established the following areas of direct ownership or controlling spheres of influence, which show that all but about 500,000 square miles has passed to the domination of European countries: France, 3,000,000 square miles; Great Britain, 2,190,000; Congo Free State, 905,000; Germany, 884,000; Portugal, 825,000; Italy, 549,000; the Boer Republics, 178,000; and Morocco, Egypt, and the Soudan, controlled by Europe; and Liberia, an independent Republic, an aggregate of 2,401,000.

To-day Great Britain, France and Germany are the most powerfully represented. Italy has more territory there than she can manage, and Portugal is strong principally for her coast advantages and as a "buffer" possession. Henry M. Stanley believes that the most marked advance in the continent in the next century will undoubtedly be in South Africa, because that region is the most suitable to the constitution of the European, and the principal danger to be apprehended is from the antagonism which exists between the English and Dutch races.

Peace Commissioners of the United States

Under the fifth clause of the protocol of peace, providing for the appointment by the United States and Spain of not more than five commissioners each to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace, President McKinley made the following selection on the part of the United States: William R. Day, Secretary of State; Edward Douglass White, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; Cushman Kellogg Davis, Chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations; William Pierce Frye, Chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Commerce; and Whitelaw Reid, formerly United States Minister to France, and Special Ambassador of the United States Government to Great Britain on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The Spanish commissioners had not been appointed at the time of writing this article.

The joint commission will meet in Paris on a day not later than October 1, and before their conclusions become effective they must be accepted by the United States Senate and the Spanish Cortes, and be officially proclaimed by the chief executive of each country. It is hardly at all likely that peace negotiations will be fully consummated before the closing days of the present year.

The Army's Conquest of Political Rings

Political leaders have been anxious to secure the full soldier vote in the coming elections and have made unusual efforts to establish legal polls wherever the armies may be stationed. The unexpectedly sudden return of the bulk of the military force, especially the volunteers, has caused widespread alarm, however, for nearly every regiment brings back with it a candidate for political office of some kind.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee is an acknowledged candidate for one of Virginia's seats in the United States Senate; Gen. Joseph Wheeler has asked to be returned to his seat in the popular House of Congress, and no one in his State is willing to oppose him; and Colonel Roosevelt, the popular "Teddy of the Rough Riders," was made the candidate of his admirers for the Republican nomination for Governor of New York while he was yet fighting before Santiago. Elsewhere the volunteer Army has candidates of equal local importance, and as "nothing is too good for the soldier boys" at home, political machines in all the States are in imminent danger.

Kruger a Stumbling-Block for Cecil Rhodes

Only a few months ago Cecil Rhodes was pronounced by a British Parliamentary Commission the chief promoter of Doctor Jameson's revolutionary raid into the Transvaal, or South African, Republic. Undaunted by the miserable failure of the attempt, the proceedings against him, and the heavy sum he found it judicious to pay to "Oom Paul" Krüger, the Boer President, he is to-day as active as ever, and more openly so than usual, in his efforts to realize the dream of his life, the creation of a vast and important British Empire in South Africa.

Despite his great influence in several colonies, his progressive programme has encountered a signal defeat in the Transvaal. He continues to urge with vigor colonial federation, the development of the colonies, and the construction of railroads. President Krüger has so far checked his propaganda in the Transvaal and minimized his influence in Cape Colony so much that he has admitted the possibility of having to leave these colonies out of consideration.

Germany's Exhibition of Jealousy

Germany owes United States Ambassador White a great debt of gratitude for his constant and eloquent efforts to convince the American people that throughout their war with Spain the Germans were not hostile to them. Unfortunately, incidents have occurred, especially in the vicinity of Manila, that appeared incompatible with a strict observance of neutrality, and several official and inspired declarations have been ineffectual in supporting Ambassador White's views upon the subject.

If, in several instances, no embarrassment for the United States was intended, a plain, straightforward explanation in season would have allayed much popular suspicion. Germany has commercial reasons for some unfriendly feeling, but these are really ephemeral and susceptible of change through reciprocity; reasons quite likely to be created by any two nations whose competitive commercial relations are expanding rapidly. It is clear that whatever we do about the Philippines, Germany cannot much longer maintain her present attitude, for already her exports to this country are showing an alarming decrease, and she can't stand that.

Civil War Monitors as Patrolmen

Seven years are generally considered necessary to make an old thing new again; but thirty-three years elapsed before the Federal Government could find a use for the old battle-dented monitors of the Civil War. The Government was unable to sell them even for old iron, their smooth-bore guns were deemed entirely unsuitable for modern warfare, and they had long ago lost all attractiveness as souvenirs. So they were all tied up at various naval stations and practically forgotten.

The emergency of last spring recalled the fact of their existence, and they were brought from their beds of mud, scraped off, overhauled, and turned over to the naval militia of the States to help guard our long coast lines. Even then they were considered only in the light of scarecrows. As no one knew when or how their guns would go off, luck was trusted to determine how far they would impress the expected Spanish fleets. The war had no opportunities for them, excepting to allay the alarm of coast dwellers. Now, after thirty-three years of indolence, they are found to be just the means needed for police duty along the coast of our West Indian possessions, and will soon be on active duty again.

Spain Has no More Use for Her Sailors

The liberality of the United States Government in paying the cost of repatriating the surrendered Spanish soldiers ought to be deeply appreciated by the Madrid authorities, for all able-bodied soldiers are needed for service on the peninsula to check popular uprisings and the Carlist revolt, now slated to occur immediately after the ratification of peace. But Spain, having lost the bulk of her Navy, has no employment for her surrendered sailors, and while we are anxious for release from the expense of caring for them, Spain has coolly intimated that they are not considered of much consequence, and that she is in no haste to recover them.

Admiral Cervera and his men made a most gallant fight to carry out a death burdened order. Their pluck excited the admiration of all the world, excepting, evidently, their own country. Now, they are practically told that they are not wanted at home, and all the milk of human kindness which they receive flows toward them from their captors.

Conference on Our Foreign Policy

Although the protocol of peace was signed between the dates of the call and the meeting of the National Conference on the Foreign Policy of the United States, the original programme of addresses was carried out. The conference was the first National debate on the progress, events, and positive and probable results of the war, by some of the most thoughtful men in the country.

Most important was the series of resolutions, unanimously adopted, which declared that the people of the conquered islands are temporarily the wards of the nation; that we would not be justified in returning them to the misrule and oppression from which we have relieved them; that they should have home rule, either independently or as part of the United States, as may be determined; that we should provide them with free elementary, unsectarian schools; that the present is an auspicious time for the establishment by the United States of a graded diplomatic and consular service; and that the principle of arbitration should have the largest practicable application.

Captain Sigsbee's Slight and Reward

When the returning battle-ships of Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet reached the harbor of New York, the regular battle-ship Texas and the auxiliary cruiser St. Paul were lying at anchor there. The Texas was signaled to join the parade to General Grant's tomb, but the St. Paul, equally ready, received absolutely no recognition, and, of course, remained at her station. There was a general expression of surprise that the St. Paul and her commander, Captain Sigsbee, took no active part in that magnificent pageant.

The explanation that the St. Paul belonged to the auxiliary and not the regular fleet was a technical nicety that failed to be appreciated by the people, who remembered what Captain Sigsbee had undergone and what handsome work the St. Paul had accomplished under his command. Ever since the destruction of Sigsbee's ship, the Maine, in Havana harbor, and his subsequent calm advice to "suspend judgment," he has won the admiration of the entire American people. His slight at the review, therefore, was most noticeable; but the wound, if such Sigsbee considered it, received grateful balm when, about the same time, the gallant commander of the ill-fated Maine received the very long-deferred official recognition in his Presidential advancement, by three numbers, on the list of Captains, for "distinguished heroism." This was richly deserved.

Red-Coat Romances, by E. Livingston Prescott.—An iconoclastic English officer, who has been interviewing Tommy Atkins to find out what he thinks of Mr. Kipling's Soldiers Three, informs us that the Intelligent British Private repudiates Mulvaney and the rest of them. No doubt this is important from a certain standpoint, but the great reading public, to whom these three guardsmen are very real persons, will be inclined to feel that if the Intelligent British Private has never met them, so much the worse for the I. B. P.

Of course, where Rudyard Kipling has not escaped, E. Livingston Prescott could not hope to. That she shows us a rather idealized private and an occasional improbable, if not impossible, officer, is undoubtedly true, but her Red-Coat Romances have the saving qualities of color, humor, and a strong story interest. Corporal by Mistake, the story of the company scapegrace, whose elevation to the grade of Corporal through a blunder wrought his regeneration, is the best of the seven tales. In the Golden Pathan we run across the improbable officer, a Captain who, disguised as a hairy heathen, spends a few months on the stage of a music hall in order to earn money enough to pay off his debts and marry his General's daughter. It is a well-told story, and in point of interest exceptionally good. The longer tales are, perhaps, a trifle too finely-spun out. (Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York and London.)

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Poems of American Patriotism, selected by R. L. Paget.—This is one of those volumes which the oft-used and the oft-abused term timely really fits. Mr. Paget has collected into one volume much of the best of our patriotic verse for the period from 1776 to 1898. A great deal that has been written since the Civil War has been included in the collection, and much of it has to do with our recent unpleasantness. The editor has shown good taste and discretion in his selections; for while including poems of high merit, he has not passed by less-pretentious verse whose homlier stanzas have struck the popular chord. This little poem, not perhaps very widely known, is especially worth quoting just now:

SALUTE THE FLAG!

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips—
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulders high,
And show him the faded shred;
Whose stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If death could have dyed them red.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head;
Teach him to hold it holy and high
For the sake of the sacred dead.—H. C. Bunner.

(Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

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The Chautauqua Course Books.—The Chautauqua Reading Course books for the coming year, five in number, have just been issued. Two of them, Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century, by Miss Susan Hale, and Twenty Centuries of English History, by Mr. James Richard Joy, are new. The others are revised and improved editions of earlier publications.

Miss Hale has done a very excellent thing with her book, selecting her material with rare discrimination from the mass at her disposal. Through Pope and Lady Mary, Charlotte Lennox, Addison and Gray, Richardson and Harriet Byron, Fielding, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole and Gray, Evelina and Doctor Johnson, Beau Nash and Bath, and Mrs. Radcliffe and her followers, she presents the men and their times, making it possible for busy people to become acquainted with them. Of course, this book has—as have all the Chautauqua publications—a double purpose, both to present information in a concise and interesting fashion and to create a thirst for further reading along the same lines.

Mr. Joy has not been less successful with his book. Into three hundred pages he has packed the history of twenty centuries, and that this squeezing process has been used without making the product dry and dull is tribute enough to the author's skill.

The new editions are: Europe in the Nineteenth Century, by Harry Pratt Judson, LL.D., an excellent account of the reconstruction of the European countries during the century; Walks and Talks in the Geological Field, by Alexander Winchell, LL.D., an entertainingly written work on a popular science; and From Chaucer to Tennyson, a history of English Literature, by Henry A. Beers. (Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pennsylvania.)

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John Burnet of Barns, by John Buchan.—One is haunted, while reading this book, by the ghosts of famous romances. It is like the popular song which strikes no new note and suggests dozens of old favorites, without reproducing any one either wholly or in part. The author pictures a young Scot, passing through stock adventures at home and in the low countries. He is, of course, as invulnerable to deadly weapons as was Achilles, and he spends his time dodging English soldiers among the Scottish hills and squabbling and quarreling in Leyden. In the end he is paired off with a sweet maiden in the most accepted style.

Mr. Buchan must have been in a hurry when he wrote this book. He is far too clever to choose so trite a theme under any other circumstances. Even as it is, he has not succeeded in writing a story devoid of interest; for he handles his material skillfully and tells his hero's adventures with spirit. (Published by John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York and London.)

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Lovers in Fiction

THERE is, to some people, a fascination and keen delight in sitting in a quiet nook, out of the busy thoroughfare, where they can watch the steady stream of humanity flowing past on its varied errands of business or pleasure, joy or sorrow, mercy or hate. Every face betokens a different character—the stamp of an individual existence—for there are no duplicates in the divine work of the Creator.

Something akin to this, almost unconsciously, affects the mind of the careful reader, when he compares the treatment by authors of different types of character, or the phases presented by them under a like crisis. There is the lover, for instance. One variety seems to be the special pet of novelists. He is "tall, dark, distingué, haughty, stern and unbending." His age is usually about thirty-four. By some unaccountable perversity of the feminine heart, the governess, or his cousin, or his ward, always falls in love with him. To be at his side is supreme joy, and the very intenseness of his silence seems to have a picturesqueness and enchanting power and beauty not readily appreciated by the matter-of-fact observer. He is usually cold, selfish and disagreeable, but this matters not. These very qualities, by some inexplicable ingenuity, seem to be most noble, true and generous. As soon as his "classic lips" have propounded the momentous inquiries, Rose Augustine feels a "pulsating thrill," a sudden scattering of dark clouds, an unaccountable brightness, and she is won, and his forever.

There is the young lover, true, faithful and happy; with him we have real sympathy. As soon as he has met her who is to be his ideal, the author gives us some incidental cue, and we watch him with interest. The premonitory "symptoms," of which he of course is unconscious, are all eloquent to us. His mistakes we see; he is constantly misled by false signal-lights hung out from her conversation, though he uses all the "ten thousand pairs of eyes" with which Shakespeare endows him; we long to give him a friendly hint, but left alone, he gradually emerges triumphant.

The old bachelor, Lord Drydust, makes a funny lover when the Countess Caprice touches his heart. The rusty chivalry of his youth does not seem to fit him, and his attempts at pretty expressions of love in his letters and his speeches have an antique, camphorated flavor that does not seem genuine. There are plenty of lovers in fiction, of one kind and another. Just watch them in your next reading, and see how they act.

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Familiar Talks About Authors

LOVERS of Alice in Wonderland will be interested to learn that a plain white marble cross has recently been erected in Guildford Cemetery to mark the spot where rest the remains of Lewis Carroll. The cemetery, situated on the side of the Hog's Back, overlooking the town of Guildford, is one of the prettiest in the Kingdom, and stands some four or five hundred feet above the sea-level. "Lewis Carroll's" grave is situated in the upper portion of the ground, whence magnificent views of the adjacent Surrey hills can be seen.

MRS. VOYNICH, the author of The Gadfly, was born, about thirty-three years ago, in Ireland, of English parents. Her education was gained in the schools of London. According to her own straightforward confession, made to Heineman, her London publisher, her life has been singularly free from startling adventures, and she is much annoyed to hear that she has been considered the original of the Amazonian Gemma.

Mr. Voynich is a native of Lithuania, in Russian Poland, a quiet, cultivated gentleman, who wrote too much and well about the sufferings of his countrymen to be *persona grata* in the domain of the Czar. He went to London about ten years ago, and there met, loved, wooed, and won Miss Ethel Lillian Boole, daughter of the well-known logician. Mrs. Voynich enjoyed in part a Continental education in her later girlhood, but since her marriage she has made her home in London.

MR. HALL CAINE'S picture of clerical life in the Christian cannot, perhaps, claim the merit of sobriety or accuracy; but he has scored rather neatly off the Archdeacon of London, who ventured to assert that no such worldly and vulgar Archdeacon as Mr. Caine's Doctor Wealthy existed or could exist in London. To whom Mr. Caine replies that he had some difficulty in preventing a London newspaper from declaring publicly, "and of course erroneously," that Archdeacon Wealthy was a portrait—or a caricature—of Archdeacon Sinclair himself!

MADAME SARAH GRAND, though of English parentage, was born in Ireland. She comes of seafaring folk, and her childhood was spent at a coastguard station. She began writing when a child, but she did not make her début as an authoress as early as many women writers do. On the contrary, she destroyed all she wrote during many years of her life, and not till she had been a married woman for some time did she first send a story to a magazine. Madame Grand published her first book at her own expense, and she is said to know more of the intricacies of publishing than any woman writer now living.

F. MARION CRAWFORD says that evening is the time to read and night the time to sleep. A literary man, he believes, should take exercise, but no more than is necessary for health. "It is vastly better," he says, "for the brain to rest too little than to practice athletics too much. Hard rowing, excessive walking and running exhaust the brain as much as the body. I speak with knowledge, for I have done more physical work than most men in my time, and I do not believe it ever did me any good."

RUDYARD KIPLING'S relationship to Burne-Jones was that of nephew by marriage. Lady Burne-Jones was a Miss Georgina Macdonald, and one of her sisters became Lady Poynter, and another married Lockwood Kipling. The artist was very proud of his nephew.

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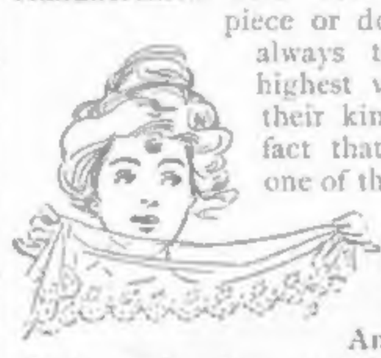

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